# THE MARION DAILY STAR.

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## LEFT THE TRACK.

Terrible Accident on a Pittsburg Traction Road.

MOTORMAN LOSES ALL CONTROL

A Result of a Broken Brake—Car Makes a Leap and Lands Trucks Uppermost—Three Persons Killed and Fourteen Wounded—The Injured Being Cared For at Different Hospitals.

PITTSBURG, Oct 14.—By an accident last night on the Carnegie branch of the East End Traction road three persons were killed and 12 or 14 others badly injured

**Killed.**

George Rothman, furniture dealer at Carnegie

Jacob Heisel, glass dealer, Carnegie.

Elizabeth Bishop, 1509 Carson street.

**Injured.**

Michael Foley and wife of West End, Pittsburg, badly cut about head and body both dangerously hurt.

Professor Alexander Phillips of Pittsburg academy, head and neck cut; serious

O J Baldwin of Youngsville, Pa., skull fractured; not expected to live.

Miss Emma Laughlin, 809 Atwood street, Pittsburg, scalp wound, both legs crushed.

Miss Pearl Hoon, Seventh street, Beaver Falls, scalp wound.

Unknown boy, bruised.

Robert Willey, 10, badly bruised.

George Waddles, motorman, leg crushed and head cut.

Frank McGuire, conductor, badly bruised.

The names of others injured are not known, as they left the scene without being recognized.

The accident happened to car No. 56 on the long hill coming into the West end on its way to Pittsburg. Just as the car started down the heavy grade

**The Brake Broke**

and it was soon beyond the control of the motorman, the speed became terrific and when a sharp curve near the foot of the hill was reached the car made a wonderful leap, landing trucks uppermost in McCarthy's run, six or eight feet below the track grade.

The accident occurred at a lonely spot and it was quite a while before assistance reached the sufferers, who were wedged tightly in the wreck, which was most complete. When the conductor saw that the car was beyond control, he laid down on the floor and advised the others to follow his example. The killed were found wedged under the roof of the car, which had been smashed in upon them. The escape of any of those on the car was miraculous.

The dead were brought to the Pittsburg morgue and the injured to the several hospitals.

### AFFAIRS IN KOREA.

**Leader of the Anti-Foreigners Proclaimed Dictator.**

LONDON, Oct. 14,—The Paris correspondent of The Standard says that the Herald's Seoul dispatch reports that the Japanese troops were at the gates of the palace during the butchery incident upon the uprising of the anti-foreigners headed by Tai Ron Kin, father of the King of Korea. There was nothing to show that the Japanese minister was aware of the plot The king is now a prisoner, and his father has been proclaimed dictator. A new cabinet has been constituted of Japanese elements. The queen's officials have fled. The Japanese soshi has been arrested for the murder of the queen.

**Placed Poison In Wells.**

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 14.—Marion Tennant has been found guilty of placing poison in wells of three of his neighbors last April at New Brownsville Tennant, who is quite wealthy, is an amateur photographer, and the poison was some liquid used in that vocation

**Abyssinians Routed.**

MASSOWAH, Abyssinia, Oct 14 —The Italian native troops attacked 1,300 Abyssinians who occupied a strong position near Branilai. The latter fled, leaving 20 men killed and numbers of wounded The Italian troops lost 11 killed and had 30 wounded.

**But One Place In America.**

AUSTIN, Oct 14.—A well known sporting man in this city says there is but one place on the American continent where the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight can be pulled off, and that place is New Laredo, Mexico.

**Celebrating a Victory.**

PARIS, Oct 14.—President Faure yesterday opened a grand kermesse in the Trocadero gallery in the Champs de Mars the occasion being the opening of the Exposition in honor of the Malagassy victory

**After the Rebates.**

NEW YORK, Oct 14.—The executive committee of the large life insurance companies held a meeting Saturpay and agreed on resolutions for stopping the practice of giving rebates of premiums.

**Mahomedan Rebels Capture a City.**

LONDON, Oct 14 —It is reported from Pekin that Mahommedan rebels in the province of Can Su have captured the city of Lan Chu, the capital of the province

**American Scientists In Russia.**

VIENNA, Oct. 14.—An American scientific expedition has arrived here to inspect the Siberian railway. The government will grant them full facilities for accomplishing their work.

### SAD STORY.

**Young Russian Princess Insane and Confined In Bellevue Hospital.**

NEW YORK, Oct 14.—A beautiful young Russian princess, Vera Keknatoff, who has been living in exile with her husband here, is insane and confined in Bellevue hospital. Prince Keknatoff, her husband, who belongs to a prominent family in Pollatoa, Russia, was exiled from his native town two years ago on account of connection with the nihilists. His wife followed him a few months later They secured rooms in the house of Dr J. J Sullivan, president of the Vigilance league.

The prince made several ineffectual attempts to obtain employment The remittances he received every month from home barely supported him and his wife, and at last ceased. The rent became due, but Dr. Sullivan, knowing Keknatoff's history, was lenient with him and allowed him to retain his room.

According to the doctor, the couple have frequently gone two and three days without food, being too proud to beg or to let their neighbors know of their unfortunate condition. The young wife a few days ago began to show signs of insanity. She began to act strangely and at last grew so demonstrative that her husband was reluctantly induced to agree to her removal to the hospital.

### DURRANT TRIAL.

**Impression That There Are Sensations Yet to Come.**

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 14.—Now that Durraut has told his story on the witness stand and has made answers to all the accusations implied by the cross questions of the prosecution, an impression exists among those who have watched the trial closely that there is something to come, which will perhaps have more effect on the minds of the jurymen as regards the guilt or innocence of the defendant than anything that has gone before. This feeling is due to the confidence with which District Attorney Barnes put a series of startling questions relating to a conversation held by Durrant with a newspaper reporter, Miss Carrie Cunningham, at the county jail within the past week, and also touching on the address and indorsement of a certain envelope, which may or may not have contained a confession.

### OFF FOR THE CAPITAL

**President Stops a Short Time In New York on His Way to Washington.**

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The yacht Oneida, having on board President Cleveland, dropped anchor yesterday at 10 o'clock at the New York yacht club's anchorage ground at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. Mr. Cleveland got into a small boat and was rowed to the pier. Mr. E. C. Benedict steered the boat as it was rowed over. At the pier a cab was in waiting. Mr. Cleveland jumped into this alone and was driven rapidly away. It could not be learned where he went At 4 o'clock the cab carrying Mr. Cleveland returned to the pier. The president was immediately taken on board the yacht and she steamed out to the south.

### VENEZUELAN QUESTION.

**Resolution to Be Introduced In Congress on the Subject.**

WASHINGTON, Oct 14.—The manner in which the Venezuelan question is to be brought before congress has been outlined in a general way by those who have been most interested in the subject. This will be by means of a resolution to be introduced, it is probable, on the first day of the session It will provide for the appointment of a committee of six, three from the senate and three from the house, to consider the entire question and to report as to the rights and obligations of the United States and the course desirable for this government to take.

### ORDER RESTORED

**After Many Persons Had Been Killed or Wounded In Ismid District.**

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 14.—Many persons were killed and wounded in the recent disturbances in the Ismid district, southeast of Constantinople in Asia minor, but order has been restored. The town of Ismid is the residence of Greek and Armenian archbishops.

**Cuban News via London.**

LONDON, Oct. 14.—The Times' Havana correspondent says that over 100 persons were drowned in the flood which followed the recent hurricane in the Vuelta Abajo district. The dispatch also reports that the rebels declare that they have positive orders not to fight, but to disperse immediately they are attacked.

**Will Follow Precedent.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—In accordance with the usual custom at the beginning of the October term, the United States supreme court will hear no motions today when it reassembles, except those for admission to the bar, but will sit tomorrow to hear general motions.

**Prizes For Motormen and Conductors.**

NEW YORK, Oct. 14 —Ten thousand dollars will be distributed among the motormen and conductors who work for the Brooklyn Heights Railroad company. The money will be given as a premium to encourage care in the running of cars

**Commission of Inquiry Appointed.**

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 14 —The porte has appointed a commission to inquire into the recent Armenian arrests, and has promised the powers to deal severely with any one who is found to have tortured the Armenians in prison

**Cuban Sympathizers Captured.**

HAVANA, Oct. 14.—Julio Kelley, Angel Tamayo and a cart driver named France, have been detected in the act of remitting ammunition to the insurgents. Five firemen have also joined the insurgents.

## A RAGING STORM

Sweeping Up the New England Coast,

KICKING UP A TREMENDOUS SEA.

**Wind Reaches a Velocity of Forty-Four Miles an Hour—American Brigantine Sibley Driven Ashore - Three-Masted Schooner Breaks From Her Moorings and Damages Other Vessels.**

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—A wind and rainstorm which struck Boston shortly after 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, developed unexpected severity during the night, and yesterday the city received the worst drenching in many days. The storm swept all along the New England coast north of Cape Cod. At 7 o'clock yesterday morning the wind had reached a maximum velocity of 44 miles an hour. Up to 8 o'clock last night 5.22 inches of rain had fallen in this city, which is more than the total rainfall here since July 1. In 12 hours, from 8 o'clock yesterday morning until 8 o'clock last night, 3.22 inches fell, which is very near the record.

The storm struck the harbor and lower bay with the wind blowing hard from the southeast. It backed into the northeast at about 2 o'clock yesterday morning, and gradually increased to a violent gale, kicking up a tremendous sea outside. No very serious casualties, however, had been reported up to last night.

The upper harbor was filled with shipping and most of the vessels had out two anchors. Some of them dragged during the day, and in one or two cases the assistance of a tug was necessary to bring them to a place of safety.

**Heavy Southeaster.**

HALIFAX, Oct 14.—A heavy southeaster prevailed along the coast yesterday afternoon and is still raging. The wind is accompanied by blinding sheets of rain, and in the harbor a heavy sea is running The only casualty reported is that to the American brigantine H. C. Sibley, which is ashore at Black Rock, C. B She was bound from Port Bevis for Chester, Pa., with a cargo of plaster.

**The Blow at Portland.**

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 14.—A severe storm has raged here all day. At times the wind blew 25 miles an hour, and the rain fell in torrents. The harbor is filled with coasting vessels, and a very heavy sea is running outside. About 10 o'clock this evening a three-masted schooner broke away from her moorings and went crashing about the harbor, colliding with several other vessels lying at anchor, but the extent of the damage she accomplished cannot be learned now.

### JACKSON HOLE STORY

**Made Out of Whole Cloth by a Deserter From Seventh Cavalry.**

POCATELLO, Ida., Oct. 14 —Lieutenant J. K. Miller of the Eighth infantry, stationed about 20 miles from Jackson's hole, states that J. C. Wilson, who brought the report a week ago of the killing of Captain Smith and companions in Jackson's Hole, is a deserter from the Seventh cavalry, in camp in the Teton pass, and that Wilson made these statements in order to obtain a relay of horses and to facilitate his escape Lieutenant Miller says there is no truth whatever in the statement that Captain Smith was killed.

**Up Came a Spider.**

ATTLEBORO, N. Y., Oct 14.—A young man of this place has suffered for several months from a severe cough which no amount of doctoring seemed to change or improve. A few days ago he was seized with a fit of coughing more violent than usual and a black object came out of his mouth and began to move away. An examination showed it to be a small spider The spider was still alive and tried to get away as fast as possible, but was captured.

### TWO STORIES

**On Same Subject but They Spring From Different Sources.**

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Oct. 14.—Corbett received the following telegram from W. A. Brady at Hot Springs, Ark., last night: "Come at once. Everything fixed all right, protection guaranteed."

**From Arkansas End.**

LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 14.—"There may be a fight at Hot Springs, but it won't be a prize fight," said Governor Clark this afternoon

**Trial Trip of Indiana.**

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14 —The battleship Indiana has left Cramp's shipyard for her official trial trip off the Massachusetts coast, which will probably take place on Wednesday

**The Porte Still Obdurate.**

LONDON, Oct. 14. —The correspondent of The Daily News at Constantinople says: "It is the general impression that the porte still refuses to grant reforms in Armenia."

**Ex-Member of Parliament Drowned.**

LONDON Oct. 14.—Vilbers Stuart, ex-member of parliament for Waterford, was drowned by accident while landing at Villiertown on Saturday.

**May Solve the Problem.**

ST PAUL, Oct. 14 —The Pioneer Press says the Northern Pacific interests are working on a plan for solving the receivership problem, which they expect to be successful in a few days.

**Banker Third.**

PARIS, Oct 14.—In the bicycle race yesterday for the Paris municipal grand prix Morin, the Frenchman, won, and Banker, the American, was third.

**The Weather.**

For Ohio and West Virginia—Fair, westerly winds

For Indiana—Generally fair, winds shifting to northerly.

### CAPTURE OF ANTANANARIVO.

**General Duchesne Transmits Details of the Battle.**

PARIS, Oct. 14.—General Duchesne, commander of the Madagascar expedition, has telegraphed to the government some of the details of the taking of Antananarivo. He says that several smart engagements which were fought on Sept 28 and 29 brought him to Isafy. On Sept. 30 he attacked the heights east of Antananarivo and engaged Hoght and after a fight captured the heights, The Malagassy batteries at the palace and north of the capital having opened fire, recommenced to bombard when the Malagassy envoys came to ask us to suspend hostilities. Our troops thereupon occupied the capital. I made an official entry to the city the next morning, and a treaty of peace was signed and ratified by the queen in the evening. Our loss was six killed and 50 wounded. The behavior of the troops was beyond praise.

### TOUCHING TRIBUTE

**By Don Dickinson to a Former English Minister.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Don M. Dickinson is in Washington with a committee to look after the interests of Michigan in securing more rapid mail service. Mr. Dickinson's name has been spoken of recently as the one referred to by Sir Lionel Sackville-West in his pamphlet as the member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet responsible for the minister's summary dismissal. Mr Dickinson was asked as to the facts of the case. He said:

"As the incident occurred when I was a member of the cabinet I do not feel at liberty to discuss it. But as to Sir Lionel Sackville-West, I have no hesitation in saying that he is now and always has been an infernal ass."

### CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

**Pulpits of Various Churches Occupied by Visiting Clergy.**

SYRACUSE, Oct. 14.—The delegates and clergy attending the National Congregational council in this city yesterday occupied the pulpits of various churches in the city. Mass meetings were held for men in several of the churches in the afternoon. Dwight L. Moody addressed a mass meeting of men in the First Presbyterian church at 4 p. m and in the evening spoke to a mixed assemblage numbering 5,000 in the Alhambra.

**Improved Relations.**

LANDON, Oct. 14.—The Berlin correspondent of The Times telegraphs that Emperor William received Prince Lobanoff, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, and Chancellor von Hohenlohe at Hubertusstock. This visit must be regarded, the correspondent of The Times continues, as a return visit of Chancellor von Hohenlohe to the czar and as a sign of improved relations.

**Operators and Miners.**

PITTSBURG, Oct. 14.—The joint convention of coal operators and miners adopted the scale of 1892 for "dead work," and fixed a differential rate of 20 cents per ton at all mines where a store is operated after Jan. 1. The conference closed harmoniously after accomplishing more than the most sanguine on either side had hoped for.

**Suffocated In a Coal Mine.**

WEBSTER CITY, Ia., Oct. 14.—Four men were suffocated by gas and smoke in a coal mine two and one-half miles from Story City Saturday night. The dead are. Albert Peterson, single; Alexander Eastman, single; Ine Ingeson, single, George Payne, married, leaves wife and three children.

**Charged With Kidnaping.**

BRAZIL, Ind., Oct. 14.—The case of the state against Mrs. Ida Kirkpatrick, charged with kidnaping, is on trial here. Judge McGregor said he would have to tear his conscience to send a woman to prison for stealing her own child, hence she is being tried by a jury.

**Farmers Favor Reciprocity.**

ATLANTA, Oct. 14.—The farmers' national congress adopted a resolution favoring reciprocity between the United States and the South American countries. There was very little discussion on the subject, the farmers being of one mind.

**A Cruiser Captured.**

HAVANA, Oct. 14.—The insurgents at Azerradero bay, near Santiago de Cuba, captured a pilot boat commanded by a heutenant in the Spanish navy, and having 12 marines on board, which was doing cruiser duty along the coast.

**Capture of Farafatra.**

PORT LOUIS, Island of Mauritius, Oct. 14.—Word has been received here that the French made a brilliant attack upon and captured the Hova works at Farafatra, Madagascar, near Tamatave, on the 10th inst

### SNAP SHOTS

**At Passing Events In Many Different Places.**

At Warren, O., Ed Newhouse, newly married, was shot and almost instantly killed by Roy Stephens while carelessly loading a revolver

Frank W Harris, the professional baseball player, who murdered Charles W. Bengal last May, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged at Freeport, Ills The condemned man fainted in court.

Mrs Abbie Henry-Bernard, the divorced wife of William Henry, committed suicide by drowning at Sabina, O

John Dempsey, a glassblower from Gas City, while crossing the Big Four tracks at Marion, Ind., was instantly killed.

The Greek consul at Trebizond, Armenia, says that 40 persons were killed or wounded during the recent conflicts there between the Turks and Armenians.

An earthquake shook up the Black Hills in South Dakota. No damage was done.

The low water in the Ohio river is seriously interfering with shippers and merchants.

Celestia Bruce has begun an action for $10,000 damages against trustees of St. Mary's Catholic church at Lorain, O., and Jacob Myers, contractor.

## BOTH MEN KILLED

Desperate Shooting Affray at Glouster, O.

LOCKED UP FOR COUNTERFEITING

**Made Use of Pasters to Raise the Denominations of Bank Notes - Girl Shot by Her Professed Lover In the Presence of Her Mother - Other Interesting Ohio News.**

GLOUSTER, O., Oct. 14 —David C. Cooke, city marshal, was attacked on the street last night by ex-Night Marshal Elmer Donnally, who, from an old grudge, began firing at Cooke. Five shots were fired and both fell dead, 10 feet apart, Cooke with four balls in his breast and Donnally with a bullet through his heart.

### USED PASTERS

**And Is Promptly Lauded In Jail Charged With Counterfeiting.**

CLEVELAND, Oct. 14 —Joseph Dreyer was brought here last night by a deputy United States marshal from Stark county and charged with counterfeiting. Dreyer tried to pass a $1 bill which had been fixed with pasters to represent $10. In his possession was found a $2 bill raised to $20 in the same way. He also had pasters for $50 bills. He told the officers that he bought the pasters from a Pittsburg man who supplied them by mail. This is the second arrest for a similar offense in that vicinity within a short time, and it is believed counterfeiters are systematically at work.

### OFF FOR CUBA.

**An Ohio Athlete Will Instruct Cuban Patriots In Cavalry Drill.**

CLEVELAND, Oct. 14 —Sylvester Scovel, son of Rev. Dr. Scovel, president of Wooster (O.) university, and for some time manager of the Athletic club, left Saturday for Cuba, where he goes under contract with the revolutionists to act as instructor in cavalry drill at a handsome salary. Mr. Scovel was a member of Troop A, the crack cavalry company of Ohio, and is an expert horseman and swordsman, as well as an all-round athlete.

**Shot His Sweetheart.**

EATON, O., Oct. 14.—Saturday night John Monro Smith, 17, escorted home his sweetheart, Gertrude Lally, quarrelled with her on the way, and arriving at the house shot and fatally wounded her in the presence of her mother, then surrendered to the county sheriff.

**Both Legs Cut Off.**

STEUBENVILLE, O., Oct. 14.—An unknown man was found lying by the side of the Panhandle railway tracks, near Fernwood station, Saturday Both legs had been cut off and he died shortly after he was picked up

**Escaped From Jail.**

LONDON, O., Oct. 14.—Thomas Callihan of Columbus, who was in jail here charged with assaulting to kill a member of the A. P. A., has escaped.

**Coit Must Stand Trial.**

CIRCLEVILLE, O., Oct 14.—The court held that the prosecution in the Coit trial had made out a case and that Coit must stand trial.

### SURROUNDED BY FLAMES.

**Prairie Fires In Manitoba Cause the Loss of Four Lives.**

WINNIPEG, Oct 14 —Four people were fatally burned near here while fighting prairie fires. Edward St. Germain, 12, was engaged with an elder brother in an endeavor to save several haystacks when their clothing caught fire. Edward was burned to a crisp, and the elder brother was so badly burned that he can not recover.

At another point some Canadian Pacific railroad employes were endeavoring to drive back the flames from the railroad property. Edward Lukyn, a section man, and a foreman, name unknown, were surrounded by the flames and both perished It is feared other fatalities from prairie fires have occurred, as fires have been raging on all sides.

### WILL FORFEIT HIS BAIL.

**Mr. Stern Will Not Return to Germany to Serve His Sentence.**

MUNICH, Oct. 14 —The lawyer who represented Mr. Louis Stern of New York during the legal proceedings growing out of his alleged insult to Baron von Thuengen, deputy commissioner of the spa at Kissingen, and his subsequent sentence to pay a fine of 600 marks and undergo two weeks' imprisonment, says that Mr Stern will not go to prison, but will forfeit his bail, 30,000 marks (about $19,600), and that he will not again be able to visit Germany.

### MURDERERS TRACED.

**Four Convicts Implicated In a Double Murder.**

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Oct 14 —A rumor is current that Detectives have traced the murder of Mrs Sherman and Mrs Davis in Busti last December, to the hands of Emmet Bittles and three companions who, with him, were recently arrested and convicted of torturing an old woman near Union City, Pa They are now serving time in a Pennsylvania penitentiary for that crime, which was committed shortly after the Sherman-Davis murders

**Not Definitely Settled.**

ST. PAUL, Oct 14 - United States Judge Caldwell says the exact date for the sale of the Atchison railway cannot be fixed until Attorney George C. Peckham, now in this city, returns to New York, but that the sale will probably take place the latter part of November.


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE


### BAD FREIGHT WRECK.

**Sections of a Broken Train Come Together With Disastrous Results.**

WATERBURY, Conn., Oct 14 —A serious freight wreck occurred here last night when two parts of a broken train came together. Ten cars loaded with trotting horses, live stock and other exhibits from the Danbury fair, which closed last week, were crushed and thrown down a 40 foot embankment Mazeppa, the famous champion trick horse of the world, valued at $10,000 was instantly killed, one man was fatally injured and two others seriously hurt.

**Injured.**

George W Lusgor, groom, both legs broken; will die.

Henry Thompson, Boston, cut about head.

James McCarrin, Boston, contusions head, arms and body.

### BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.

**A Man With His Wits About Him Resuscitates a Child.**

FRANKTON, Ind., Oct 14 —A child of Mr. and Mrs John Sipple while playing, chanced to fall into a tub of water that was sitting on the ground. When found there were no signs of life, and it was black in the face and declared to be dead.

A physician was summoned, and while the messenger was gone after him a man stepped out of the crowd that had quickly gathered, and taking the child by the feet hung it head downward and began to stroke the body that was as limp as a rag After a time the water began to run from the child's mouth, and before long signs of life began to be seen. He continued his stroking until the child was fully restored to consciousness, and then he placed it in its mother's arms and departed long before the physician made his appearance. Who the man was is not known, but the child that was dead now lives.

### FOUR DROWNED

**In the Patapsco River by the Capsizing of a Boat.**

BALTIMORE, Oct. 14.—Four men were drowned yesterday afternoon by the capsizing of a pleasure boat in the middle branch of the Patapsco river. All the men were residents of this city, and together with two companions, attempted to cross the river from Ferry Bar to Meter's pavilion, in Anne Arundel county. A strong east wind made the water very rough, and when about half way across the boat began to fill, went over, leaving the pleasure seekers struggling in the water. A number of rowboats went to the rescue, but before they reached the capsized boat the men had gone down for the last time. Their companions were rescued with difficulty. None of the bodies have been recovered

**Rumored Killing of Two Armenians.**

LONDON, Oct 14 -A Constantinople dispatch to The Standard says: "A report has reached the patriarchate that two Armenians were murdered on leaving the Koumkapon church during the evacuation of the churches by the Armenian refugees."

**Will Be a Big Affair.**

LONDON, Oct 14 —The threatened shipping strike at Belfast and on the Clyde will be a big affair unless trouble is soon averted. The seat of the strike is at Belfast, where the engineers are striking for higher wages in view of improved trade.

**Street Car Mail Service.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Second Assistant Postmaster General Wilson, who has charge of the railway mail, the street car mail and the wagon mail service, will recommend in his annual report an extension of the service upon street railways.

**They Wasted No Time.**

LEBANON, Ind., Oct. 14. — Samuel Richards, 84, and Mrs. Martha Heath, 77, both wealthy, met for the first time last Saturday, were together a half hour, fell in love and arranged the details of their marriage which occured here Friday

**Demanding an Explanation.**

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 14 —Liberal papers are asking that Bishop Plancarte explain if the jewels in the crown manufactured for the coronation of the Virgin of Gaudaloupe are false or not, and to state explicity what the crown cost.

**The Year's Seal Catch.**

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct 14 —The sealing schooners Columbia, Decahks and Bearing Sea have arrived with 544, 692 and 650 skins respectively, and the James G. Swan is at Port Townsend with 1,050.

**Cholera In Russia.**

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct 14.—Official returns for the last fortnight in September show that there were during that time 4,249 cases and 1,701 deaths from cholera in the province of Volhynia

**Dashed Sulphuric Acid In Her Face.**

SISTERVILLE, W. Va., Oct. 14 — George Turner tried to induce his wife to drink sulphuric acid, and when she refused he dashed it in her face, frightfully disfiguring her.

**Ordered to Land Marines.**

LONDON, Oct. 14.—A Shanghai dispatch says that her majesty's cruiser Edgar has suddenly been ordered to Chemulpo, where she will land a force of marines.

**Cut His Sentence Down.**

PIERRE, S D, Oct. 14.—The supreme court has handed down its decision in the case of W. W. Taylor, the defaulting state treasurer. His sentence is cut down to two years and held to begin Aug. 14 last.

**Wants a Fight.**

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 14 —Charles McKeever, the lightweight pugilist, issued a challenge to fight either Griffo or Lavigne for the lightweight championship of the world for a stake or a purse at the limit

**Ordered to Resume Work.**

PHILLIPSBURG, Pa, Oct 14.—William B. Wilson, master workman of the Independent order of the Knights of Labor, ordered the men in the Hotzdale region who suspended work to resume today

**Bitten by Her Son.**

DULUTH, Oct 14.—While delirious with diphtheria the little son of Mrs. Joseph Burns bit her and she died with all the symptoms of a rattlesnake bite.

**A Snake In the White House Grounds.**

There have been many strange visitors at the White House, but never until the other day did a member of the serpent family attempt to invade its sacred precincts. The attempt was discovered in time, however, and successfully frustrated The intruder was a garter snake about three feet long, and when discovered and slain he was crossing the grounds ward in a bee line for the front door He will be kept as a curiosity, being the first of his kind found in the grounds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### MARKET REPORTS.

**Grain and Stock Quotations For Oct. 12.**

**New York.**

Beef—Family, $9 00@12 00, extra mess, $7 50@8 00; packet, $8 00@10 50. Cut meats—Pickled bellies, 6½@7½c; pickled shoulders, 5@5½c; pickled hams, 9@9½c. Lard—Western steam closed at $6 10. Pork—Old mess, $9 75@10 00; family, $12 75. short clear, $12 00@14 00

Butter—Western dairy, 10@14c; do creamery, 14@23c; do factory, 9½@12½c; Elgins, 23c; Imitation creamery, 11@16c; state dairy, 15@22½c; creamery, 21½@23c. Cheese—State large, 9½@10c; small, 10@10c; part skims, 3½@7½c, full skims, 2½@3c. Eggs—State and Pennsylvania, 18@20½c; western fresh, 17@19½c.

**Chicago.**

Cattle—Fair to best beeves, $3 60@3 70; stockers and feeders, $2 50@4 00; mixed cows and bulls, $1 40@3 75; Texans, $1 75@3 00; western, $2 50@4 00

Hogs—Light, $3 80@4 25, rough packing and shipping, $3 70@4 20; mixed and butchers', $3 75@4 25; heavy packing and shipping, $3 70@4 20; pigs, $1 75@4 10.

Sheep—Native, $1 50@3 75; western, $2 25@3 15, Texas, $2 00@2 25. Lambs—$3 00@4 50.

**Pittsburg.**

Cattle—Prime $5 10@5 30 fair to good butchers', $3 80@4 60; bulls cows and stags, $2 50@3 00.

Hogs—Heavy, $4 25@4 30, medium, $4 40@4 50, roughs, $3 00@4 00

Sheep and Lambs—Extra, $2 30@3 00; good prime $2 40@2 60, common, 50c@$1 00 spring lambs, $2 00@4 00 Veal calves, $4 25@5 75

**Cleveland.**

Hogs—Yorkers, $4 20@4 25 mediums, $4 20; pigs, $4 10@4 20.

Cattle—Fair to good steers, $1,100@1,200 pounds $4 00@4 25; good steers, 800@1,000 pounds, $3 75@4 25

Sheep and Lambs—Best lambs $3 50@4 00; best sheep, $3 25@3 60

**Cincinnati.**

Wheat—No 2 red, 68c Corn—No 2 mixed, 25c. Oats—No 2 mixed, 21c Rye—No. 2, 40c Lard—$5 70 Bulk meats—$5 75 Bacon—$7 00

Hogs—$4 00@4 25 Cattle—$4 00@4 65 Sheep—$1 75@2 50 Lambs—$3 00@5 00

**Toledo.**

Wheat—65c Corn—No 2 mixed, 31c Oats—No 2 white, 22c. Rye—49½c Clover seed—$4 55


SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

# A SPANISH SCHEME.

## HER MACHIAVELIAN PLOT TO SEIZE OUR TERRITORY.

**Allied With England and Mexico, Her 340,000 Men Will Take Florida and Texas and Seize on the Pacific Canals—A Supreme Effort.**

The interest taken by your well edited publication in whatever happens in our oppressed country leads me to bring to your notice certain facts which perhaps may lead to necessary precautions being taken by your country, so deeply in sympathy with the cause of our own.

Every one knows that war requires men and money. Spain is now making a supreme effort, calling on her reserves, anticipating levies, making use in the war of the last men of "the contingent for Cuba of 1890;" she intends to increase by 100,000 the 240,000 men now waging war against the 40,000 Cuban defenders of their country. Is her object merely to put down the insurrection? And has she the means to maintain 340,000 men on a war footing, together with the fleet that is being collected at Cadiz? Evidently not. It is clear that some one must be supporting her further plans.

England, looking enviously on the dominion which she lost in America; Mexico, gazing disconsolately at her lost Texas, and Spain, seeing her last possessions surely going, are getting ready and seeking for any pretext for the latter, aided by the two former, to reconquer Florida for herself and Texas for Mexico, perfidious Albion receiving concessions that will make her mistress of the gulf and give her control of the canals joining it to the Pacific. They count on the United States persecuting the Cuban expeditions, contrary to the laws of neutrality, as though they were trying to avert the forming clouds, and it is believed in official circles that mere reconnoissances and watching the Florida coast with vessels of war will suffice to bring the United States to terms in order to avert the projected invasion.

It is believed that these plans are not unknown at Washington, and that the president, fearing the conflict into which he might be drawn by Florida and Texas and uncertain as to what Canada might do, will not accept, unless forced by a majority of the states, the obligation of recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans, even were it acknowledged by other American republics.

The Avisador Communal of the 19th and La Lucha of the 14th indicate very clearly and advise the government that without yielding to the insurrection it is necessary and urgent to demonstrate positively to the United States that they are nobody and must restrict themselves and submit to whatever may be kindly conceded to them.

As well be forewarned, for from Cuba to Florida the distance is only 12 hours. Here hope tells a flattering tale of the adventurous enterprise that will bring hard dollars from the American treasury to this nation.

The crops may not be gathered, and money may be lacking, but men here count on drawing a substantial indemnity from the American treasury.—New York Sun.

### French Recognition of Genius.

Almost at the same time that the foremost actor in England was receiving the honor of knighthood from the queen the foremost French actress was being oddly snubbed by some Brittany fishermen. While Sarah Bernhardt was spending the summer in her ruined castle at Belle Isle she noticed how dangerous the harbor of Sauzon is and how likely to cause shipwreck to fishermen's boats. She thereupon proposed to present the fishermen with a staunch brigantine to be used for life saving and to bear her name, but the villagers declined the offer. They were willing to accept the gift of the boat, but not if it was to be named for an actress.

### Papal Headquarters May Be Changed.

A dispatch form Paris says the town council of Avignon, France, has voted carte blanche for the restoration of the historical palace of the popes, which has long been used as a barracks. It is estimated that the work of restoration will cost 4,250,000 francs ($850,000). It is proposed to convert the palace into a "museum of Christendom." A prominent resident of the city declares that the sacred college will elect the next pope from Avignon, where he will reside.—Chicago Tribune.

## BRITAIN'S ULTIMATUM.

But will the British leave? This is, at least, doubtful. The massacre of the missionaries was used by the British government, so it has been rumored, as a basis of movements in China that will counteract the growing influence of Russia.—Baltimore American.

A naval movement by Great Britain has forced China to punish the viceroy of the province in which the massacre of missionaries occurred. This may prove a salutary example for the time being, but it is no guarantee that missionaries will be safe hereafter in all parts of China. At any rate, it is certain that the condition of the empire just now is too chaotic to permit of the safe re-establishing of missionary stations in remote places.—Utica Herald.

Impotence, bigotry and hypocrisy have all along marked the Chinese government, and if a crisis is now at hand which will either disrupt the empire or open it up to progressive influences all civilization will welcome the change. It may be that if Great Britain takes action other powers will become involved. What of it? The greater the pressure brought to bear upon the barbarism and the blindness of China the better prospect will there be for the exercise of freedom of thought and of enterprise in that great but walled in and provincial empire of the east.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

# STORIES OF THE DAY.

### He Had to Have the Money, and He Got It.

"I have often heard of strange methods adopted by ministers to collect money at churches, but I never heard of any more weird than the step taken by a colored preacher down in middle Georgia the other day," remarked a well known Georgian. "The sermon was over, and the congregation sighed with relief at the prospect of getting home soon to get their dinners. But the preacher said the church needed a certain amount of money—I think it was $3.25—to pay certain expenses, and he said he didn't intend to let the congregation get away without raising it. The money was due, and the members of the church owed it to the Lord, he said, to pay the debt.

"He ordered a collection of subscriptions, but before doing this he had all the doors barred and fastened the windows. He declared that he did not intend to let the brethren get out until every cent of that money was in hand or the value thereof in chickens, butter or eggs.

"On the first count it was found that $1.65 was the pile. After singing another song and offering another prayer another subscription was taken, and the amount went to 10 cents over $2. There was another round of prayer and song, and the subscription went up only a few cents more. After going through this process several times the amount was finally raised, but it was sundown before many of the darkies got home that afternoon, having four or five miles to drive."—Atlanta Constitution.

### The Wreck of the Hesperus.

The bloomer excursion given on the steamer City of Little Rock, Little Rock, the other night, by the Little Joe saloon, wound up disastrously at 2 o'clock in the morning to a large portion of the participants.

As they were returning with a merry party of 50, dancing on a barge in tow, the barge struck the pier of the lower bridge and broke loose from the steamer, the water rapidly rushing in through a hole made by the collision. Luckily the barge drifted to shore, and the steamer turned and gave them the benefit of electric lights. As it sank the dancers ran out on two skiffs tied to the side and jumped into the shallow water, all getting ashore safely.

Their conditions were pitiable. The night had turned cool, but their feelings from the wetting were not to be compared to their looks. Many of the weaker sex were clad in bloomers of all sizes and colors, while a goodly portion of the men had white duck pants and white canvas shoes. The Arkansas river has never been called a clear, sparkling stream, and now it is exceedingly muddy from the heavy rains on the black lands of the territory, and Kansas bloomers and balloon sleeves that a moment before had stood out bold as a mountain peak now clung like a leech to the shivering forms of the feminine wearers. The ice cream pants inclosed legs as muddy as those of the ox that pulls logs in the St. Francis bottoms, while the sound of the feet working up and down in the white shoes was sickening.

The most ludicrous part of the whole affair was the appearance of Kittie Lee. She was ensconced in a pair of bloomers made of spotless white silk, with balloon sleeves to match, and at the wreck of the Hesperus was dancing with a very tall man. He caught her around the waist with his arm, the sleeves and bloomers preventing her slipping either way. In wading out he managed to keep the sleeves dry, but alas for the snowy, fluffy bloomers! They collapsed like a punctured balloon. Reeking with the slime of the Arkansas river water, she reminded one of the mermaid, so gay was the costume from the waist up and so sorry from the waist down.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

### A Wedding In Sumner County.

Chief Justice Charles Barney Rogan of Sumner county joined together one night last week the destinies of two dusky individuals with the following ceremony:

"This is one of the awful and heart-rending epochs of human existence, which should be approached with prayer and without indecorum or levity. It should be cogitated upon profoundly. It is a step which should be taken with careful consideration and with mature reflection. If there be any person present tonight who knows of any potent or lawful reason why these two parties should not be joined together in the indissoluble bonds of holy matrimony, let him, her or whoever sashay forward and shoot off his flytrap without any hesitation or mental reservation, or else forever hereafter hold his peace."

The squire then concluded the solemn ceremony in the following strain:

"As no one comes forward forbidding the banns,
Jim, you and Betty will please join hands
Jim, with firm resolution and without regret,
By this institution you marry Bet
Bet, with all the affection you have for Jim,
Forsaking all others do you marry him?
Then for better or worse and during life
I pronounce you both to be man and wife
Now, up the hill, Jim, or down the level,
Salute your bride, you ugly black devil!"

—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

### San Francisco's Big Store.

San Francisco declares that it will soon have the largest store in the world. A big department store to be called the Emporium is now being built there which will cover 6,000 feet more space than the noted Bon Marche in Paris. It is to contain, besides the multitudinous departments found in the big stores of most big cities, a cycling school, a barber shop, a bank and a candy factory.

### The Coming Sir Walter.

When Sir Walter Scott's grandson, Mr. Walter Scott, was born, Queen Victoria telegraphed her congratulations to the infant's mother and closed the dispatch with the words, "He shall be knighted Sir Walter when he is 21." Young Mr. Scott is now 19 and is looking forward to the fulfillment of the queen's promise.

## THE STAMP OF STYLE.

Brocaded moire is a favorite material for good dresses for elderly ladies.

Ribbon and flower collars are much liked and are worn on almost all thin dresses.

Rosette bows of silk, with very long ribbon ends, finish the belts of many of the new dresses.

There are fewer stock collars worn than heretofore. Those of ribbon sewed over with flowers are much better liked for warm weather.

Parasols are shown in almost endless variety, from the elaborately embroidered, betrimmed and lace draped models to the perfectly plain parasol of thin silk. One can choose any style and yet be in fashion.

A dress of batiste has a shirring of silk of the same color at the hem. The waist is pialted full, the sleeves are shirred in around the arm, and the belt is finished with bows and loops on either side of the front.

A handsome costume is of navy blue India silk, with a bodice of velvet of the same color and very full sleeves of the silk. The waist is cut in a deep V back and front and filled in with lace and embroidery and is not at all warm.

A dress of spotted organdie has the skirt made with shirring about three inches deep below the belt. The waist is full gathered into the belt and yoke, which is of figured lace, edged with a rose ruching made of narrow lace sewed on both edges of a narrow ribbon.

A handsome imported costume has the skirt made of a deep flounce of embroidery. The waist and sleeves are of plain material, with a collar of embroidery extending out over the sleeve tops and folded in a jabot down the front almost to the belt. The high collar and narrow vest are of fine linen, with hemstitched edges.—New York Ledger.

## AMONG THE POULTRY.

Sunflower seed adds luster to the plumage.

Oats are one of the very best feeds for molting hens.

The Pekin ducks develop early and are good market fowls.

Geese thrive on plenty of good pasturage and plenty of water.

Train the young poultry to roost in the poultry house from the start.

It does not pay to be economical by starving the young growing fowls.

A pound of copperas dissolved in two gallons of water makes a good disinfectant.

Mixing scotch snuff or insect powder in the dust bath will help to rid the fowls of lice.

The laying of unusually large eggs denotes that the hens are in an overfat condition.

It is well to remember that as the chickens grow and increase in size they will need room.

Do not keep too many fowls together. Small flocks well cared for will give the best results.

The roosts should be low, especially for large, heavy fowls, and should all be of the same height.

If you have a number of good old hens, do not change them all for pullets. Keep some of the old hens.

If ducklings are exposed to wet weather they are apt to take cramps in their legs.—St. Louis Republic.

## MYTHOLOGY.

The Edda mentions Gesione, the protecting goddess of maidens after their death.

When a Roman child came home from a walk, it was lifted over the threshold by Adeona.

Pallas Athena was implored by mothers for strength and wisdom to rear their children.

The services of 13 goddesses were necessary to grow a grain of wheat in Italy 2,000 years ago.

The Furies were old maids whose countenances were so terrible as to transfix with horror every beholder.

All youths and maidens worshiped Venus or Aphrodite, offering to her all sorts of flowers, but particulary the rose and myrtle.

It was said of both Athens and Rome that so numerous were the temples and statues of gods it was easier to find a god than a man.

Hera Teleia was the principal guardian of Greek and Roman wives. Her festival was held in the spring, and the principal ceremony was that of arraying her statue in bridal raiment and crowning her altar with bridal flowers.

The Greeks had a female deity named Hygeia, whose duty it was, when properly propitiated, to keep the babies well. When she neglected her business, however, the deficiency was sometimes remedied by Meditrina, who restored the health of the little ones.

## JEWELRY DON'TS.

Don't "match" jewels; work for variety of tone.

Don't wear coral or turquoise with white muslin if over 60.

Don't wear flashing gems if you are a poor conversationalist.

Don't wear coral if sick looking and you have a "nursing bottle" mouth.

Don't wear flashing gems if your husband has a worn out, hunted look.

Don't call one frivolous who wears jewels; you may be hard and narrow.

Don't think you are too poor to wear jewels. A 10 cent pin may show perfect taste.

Don't, if your lips are thin and your soul poise a mental one, wear faceted, hard, gleaming gems.

Don't think you are too practical to wear jewels, wear a good practical jewel, a clasp or button.

Don't wear emeralds unless you are of a high type. As usually worn they are vulgar and assertive.—Edmund Russell.

## HELPS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Broiling delicate fish in paper.

Dark blue drilling for a kitchen apron.

Removing tea stains by pouring boiling water over them.

Removing grass stains by rubbing with molasses before washing.

Cleaning sticky lamp burners by boiling in strong soda water and then scouring the burners with sapolio.

To remember that to make potatoes mealy they must be taken from the water and drained as soon as they can be readily pierced with a fork, covered with a folded towel and kept hot for 15 minutes.—Good Housekeeping.

# TOM AND I.

From the moment that Tom manifested the first glow of passion for me he was the most sensitive lover any girl ever had. Not jealous and selfish as many lovers are, but proper and punctilious in his bearing toward me, and allowing nothing from me that wore the slightest appearance of indifference or neglect.

Tom and I were sweethearts and engaged. Why we never married I will tell you also. Perhaps you would not have been interested in this story from the start had I told you I am a spinster at whom men no longer look. Yes, I have lost the laurel wreath of youth and beauty, and consequently have no friends among the other sex. I am a spinster, loveless and lonely, and do not know in all the world where Tom is, if indeed he be in the world at all. 'Tis strange that I can control my heart to speak of all my woe and disappointment and I would not were it not that others may profit by the warning this love tale will convey.

When we had been engaged about six months, Tom went away to live in another city with the hope of making more money before asking me to leave my father's home, in which I lived a life of ease and luxury. At first we wrote to each other every day, but of course that grew tiresome at the end of a few weeks and by mutual consent we limited our letters to two a week.

Now it was generally acknowledged that I was a pretty and attractive girl and certainly it was not my fault—either the opinion or the fact. And I was not to blame either that as soon as Tom left it got out that we were no longer engaged. This brought other suitors about me. I was modest and did not stand on the street corners or climb to the housetops and shout: "I am engaged to Tom! Don't look at me or speak to me!" My love and betrothal were so sacred to me I never felt inclined to discuss them with the world. Moreover, my nature was human nature, girl nature at that, and I could not for the life of me feel offended when men admired me and asked my hand and heart. One of the hardest things a woman is ever called on to do is to turn her back on admiration and conquest. They seem essentially a part of her existence and mission. God has given her a queenship; to abdicate her throne is renunciation not to be asked nor expected.

Now, evil has many agents and emissaries in this world, and they serve with willing hearts and prompt action. Therefore it was not long until I got a letter from Tom telling of his great anxiety occasioned by the reports which had reached him of my interest in other men. He said he had strong reasons for believing that I was tired of him. Unfortunately for several weeks before the receipt of this letter I had been prostrated with an unyielding cold, and on two dates had not written to Tom just on time. Putting this and that together, he credited the rumors and wrote as I have described. I replied promptly to his letter, denying that there was any one in all the world beside himself to whom I gave a thought. I poured out many sweet things in that letter, which I would not be willing to repeat here. I had the right of course to utter my whole heart to Tom, and I tried to make him believe how impossible it was that I could be untrue to him.

I waited anxiously for the answer to this affectionate letter, feeling much pain in my own heart to think I had caused Tom suffering. When a week passed and no letter came from him, I wrote again, telling him of my former letter and begging an immediate response with assurance that he still loved and trusted me. This was the sweetest, most pleading letter Tom ever got from me, and then I waited. Alas! I am waiting still, though 20 years have fled. I heard through the papers that Tom engaged for service with a rich trading company and had gone away to India, and that was the last I ever knew of him. I grieved and wept and prayed. That is all a woman can do. What could have taken Tom away from me? Just those silly, idle rumors? That could not be, for my letters contradicted them all, and certainly Tom knew I would not tell a lie.

I will not dwell on the anguish of that year and of all the years that have followed. People might say, as they often do, that a woman is weak and foolish to love a man after he has been false and shown himself unworthy. Tom was neither false nor unworthy.

From the moment that this great sorrow fell across my life I believed that he had a reason for his mysterious silence and action, and that some day it would be made clear. It has been.

* * * * * * *

Five years had passed since that terrible pain entered my heart, and from a happy, merry girl I had settled down into a sad faced, thoughtful woman, who cared no longer for society, for nothing indeed except the companions love does not shrink from, books, music and solitude. My parents died, and I decided to part with my old home and go to live with a relative in another city. The old place was dear to me, and before leaving it I paid many loving calls to every nook and corner within its precious walls. Passing one day through the old attic, I opened the door to an obscure little closet, into which I had not looked for years. Indeed I had forgotten its existence. There hung an old coat, thick with dust and moth eaten. I took it from the hook, wondering who of my loved and lost ones had worn it. It was my brother's coat, Robert, who was now married and happy in his own home. I dropped on a little stool near by and, womanlike, began to rummage in the pockets. O God! to think what I found! My two letters to my lover! In a moment I was weeping and calling Tom's name aloud and begging him to come back to my lonely heart. Yes, I had given them to Robert to mail, but here they were!

The sad mystery that wrecked Tom's life and mine was explained.

That coat had traveled over mountain and stream, toying carelessly and cruelly with my destiny as it carried about my last assurances to Tom of a love which will never die. But I have never revealed to my dear brother the part his thoughtlessness played in my tragic, lonely life.

Now the only compensation I hope for is that heaven will restore to me what Robert lost me on the earth, and my advice to young ladies is to make no brother an intermediary mail agent for love letters.—Sterling Kane in Cincinnati Post.

### Bringing Back Old Times.

Waggle—Yis, madam, I am hungry. You wouldn't believe it, but I was wonct a man of remarkable musical abilities.

The Woman—Well, to bring back old times to you, take this ax and chop a few cords out of that wood pile.—Syracuse Post.

### The Acme of Diplomacy.

One of the unjust things in this world is that the man who has cold feet when playing poker is the one who is able to afford a vacation trip.—Exchange.

## CUTTLE BONE AND SEPIA.

**Where They Come From and What They Are Used For.**

Cuttle bone was once made use of as a medicine, but it is now used by goldsmiths as a polish and by bird fanciers as food for caged birds.

This cuttle bone, so called, is no bone at all, but a very wonderful structure consisting almost entirely of pure chalk and having been at one time loosely embedded in the substance of some deparled cuttle fish. It is an oval bone white and hard on the outside, but soft and friable within, and is inclosed by a membranous sac within the body of the cuttle.

When the cuttle is living, its structure runs through the entire length of the abdomen and occupies about one third of its breadth. In weight cuttle bone is extremely light, and if it be cut across and examined through a lens the cause of the lightness will at once be apparent. It is not solid, but is formed of a succession of exceedingly thin floors of chalk, each connected with each by hundreds of the smallest imaginable chalky pillars.

Many persons attribute sepia, or Chinese ink, to the cuttlefish. They are, however, in error, for sepia is a manufacture of soot and fine gums. The error may be due to the fact that the cuttlefish has an internal sac under the throat, near the liver, that contains a very dark natural ink. When pursued by enemies, the cuttle ejects this inky substance and thereby forms a cloud of darkened water all about it and hides in this water until out of danger.—Philadelphia Times.

### The Best Parrot Yarn Yet.

A man whose niece had coaxed him to buy her a parrot succeeded in getting a bird that was warranted a good talker. He brought it home, and after putting it in a cage stood before it and said, "Say uncle, Polly!" The bird did not respond, and after repeating the sentence a dozen times or more with no better success the uncle put his hand into the cage, and grabbing the bird by the neck shook him until his head wabbled around, all the time yelling to him, "Say uncle, goll darn you, say uncle!" The bird looked limp and lifeless, and disgusted with his purchase the old fellow took the parrot out into the yard where he had a coop of 30 chickens. Thrusting the half dead bird in with the chickens, he exclaimed: "There, by gosh! You'll say uncle before you get out!" Next morning the uncle went out to see how the parrot was getting on. Looking into the coop, he counted 29 dead chickens, and in the center of the coop stood the parrot on one foot, holding the thirtieth chicken by the neck and shaking it till its head wabbled and screaming, "Say uncle, goll darn you, say uncle!"—New Bedford Standard.


## Heart Disease Kills

Suddenly; but never without warning symptoms, such as Faint, Weak or Hungry Spells, Irregular or Intermittent Pulse, Fluttering or Palpitation of the Heart, Choking Sensations, Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, etc.

**Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, Cures Heart Disease.**

Mr. Geo. L. Smith, of the Geo. L. Smith Mantel Co., Louisville, Ky., writes Feb. 26, 1894: "For about a year I was a terrible sufferer from heart trouble, which got so bad I was obliged to sit up in bed to get my breath. I had to abandon business and could hardly crawl around. My friend, Mr. Julius C. Voght, one of our leading pharmacists, asked me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I had used little more than a bottle when the pain ceased and palpitations entirely disappeared. I have not had the slightest trouble since, and today I am attending to business as regularly as ever."

Sold by druggists everywhere. Book on Heart and Nerves sent free. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

**Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.**

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**We Believe the Star, With Its Daily and Weekly Editions, Goes Into More Homes in Marion County Than All Other Marion Papers Put Together.**

We do believe this. We know that honest advertising in the the Star brings returns. The best advertisers in Marion attest the Star's ability to bring returns.

The business advertising deal is made for profit. It costs more to buy an ad in the Star than any other paper, but real circulation considered, it is much the cheapest.

We will be glad to quote rates and exhibit circulation records upon application. Get in line now. There's prosperity in the air this fall.

# The Star,

Phone 51. 229 E. Center.

## RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S NERVINE PILLS

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio

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LIGHT, STRONG, SPEEDY, HANDSOME.

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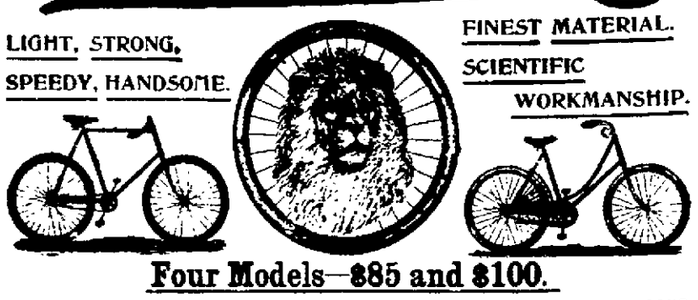

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# SSON OF A RESCUE.

## ... TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE ...RIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

**...Lamb of God Who Takes Away the ...sin of the World"—A Remarkably Pow... and Clear Bible Story—Abraham ...d Isaac.**

...k, Oct. 13.—In his sermon for ... Dr. Talmage chose for his ... subject Abraham's supreme trial of faith ... the rescue of Isaac from be... ...d his father as a sacrifice. The ... was Genesis xxii, 7, "Behold the fire ... but where is the lamb?" ... Abraham and Isaac, the one a ... gracious, affectionate father, ... obedient, religious son. ... appearance you can tell ... has been much in the fields, ... shaggy dress you know that ... watching the herds. The ... has painted his cheek rubi... ... 20 or 25, or, as some sup... ... of age, nevertheless a boy, ... the length of life to which ... those times and the fact ... ever is anything but a boy to ... I remember that my father used ... the house when the children ... on some festal occasion and ... are the boys?" although "the ... were 30 and 35 years of age. ... is only a boy to Abraham, ... heart is in him. It is ... Isaac there. If there is any ... around the father's tent, Isaac ... it. It is Isaac's walk and ... and Isaac's manners and ... and Isaac's prosperity. ... heartstrings are all wrapped ... boy, and wrapped again, un... ... of the old man's life is in ... Just imagine how lovingly ... he looked at his only son.

**A Burnt Offering.**

... the dear old man had borne a ... of trouble, and it had left its ... upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrin... story was written from forehead to ... But now his trouble seems all gone, ... are glad that he is very soon to ... forever. If the old man shall get de... Isaac is strong enough to wait on ... If the father gets dim of eyesight, ... will lead him by the hand. If the ... become destitute, Isaac will earn ... bread. How glad we are that the ... that has been in such a stormy sea is ... at last into the harbor. Are you ... that glorious old Abraham is ... with his troubles? No, no! A ... behold! From that clear eastern sky ... drops into that father's tent a voice ... announcement enough to turn ... white and to stun the patriarch ... instant annihilation. God said, ...raham!' The old man answered, ... I am." God said to him, "Take ... thy only son Isaac, whom thou ..., and get thee into the land of Moriah ... him there as a burnt offering." ... words, slay him, cut his body in... ...ments, put the fragments on the ... fire to the wood and let Isaac's ... be consumed to ashes.

...Cannibalism! Murder!" says some ... "Not so," said Abraham. I hear ... soliloquize. "Here is the boy on whom ... depended. Oh, how I loved him! ... given in answer to prayer, and ... I surrender him? O Isaac, my ... Isaac, how shall I part with you? ... then, it is always safer to do as God ... me to. I have been in dark places be... and God got me out. I will implicit... ...s God has told me, although it is ... dark. I can't see my way, but I ... God makes no mistakes, and to him ... myself and my darling son."

...rly in the morning there is a stir ... Abraham's tent. A beast of bur... ...ed and saddled. Abraham makes ... disclosure of the awful secret. At the ... of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, ... We are going off on a two or ... days' journey." I hear the ax hew... ...and splitting amid the wood until the ... are made the right length and the ... thickness, and then they are fas... ...on the beast of burden. They pass ... there are four of them—Abraham, the ...; Isaac, the son, and two servants. ...ng along the road, I see Isaac looking ... into his father's face and saying: "Fa... ...what is the matter? Are you not ... Has anything happened? Are you ... Lean on my arm." Then, turning ... to the servants, the son says, "Ah, ... is getting old, and he has had trou... ...enough in other days to kill him!"

**The Day of the Tragedy.**

...he third morning has come, and it is ...day of the tragedy. The two servants ...left the beast of burden, while Abra... ...and his son Isaac, as was the custom ...and people in those times, went up on ...hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood ...taken off the beast's back and put on ...'s back. Abraham has in one hand a ...of coals or a lamp, and in the other a ...keen knife. Here are all the appli... ...for sacrifice, you say. No, there is ...thing wanting—there is no victim—...ram or heifer or lamb. Isaac, not ...ing that he is to be the victim, looks ...into his father's face and asks a ques... ...which must have cut the old man to ...bone—"My father!" The father said, ...son Isaac, here I am." The son ..."Behold the fire and the wood, but ...re is the lamb?" The father's lip ...ered and his heart fainted, and his ...s knocked together, and his entire ...mind and soul shiver in sickening ...ish as he struggles to gain equipoise, ...he does not want to break down. And ...he looks into his son's face, with a ...ond rushing tendernesses, and says, ...y son, God will provide himself a ...

...he twain are now at the foot of the ...the place which is to be famous for a ...transcendent occurrence. They gath... ...stones out of the field and build ...altar 3 or 4 feet high. Then they take ...wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it ...the stones, so as to help and invite ...flame. The altar is done—it is all ...Isaac has helped to build it. With ...father he has discussed whether the ...of the table is even and whether the ...is properly prepared. Then there is ...The son looks around to see if ...is not some living animal that can ...caught and butchered for the offering. ...Isaac tries to choke down his fatherly ...and suppress his grief, in order ...he may break to his son the terrific ...that is to be the victim.

...Isaac never looked more beautiful ...on that day to his father. As the old ...pinioned fingers through his ...said to himself: "How shall ... What will his mother say ... back without my boy? I ...could have been the comfort ...my days. I thought he would ...hope of ages to come. Beau... ...ing and yet to die under my ...Oh God, is there not some oth... ...can do? Take my life and ...Pour out my blood and save ...his mother and the world!" But ...this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's face and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said: "Yes, father I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The father said, "My son Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was 20 or 30 years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ah! Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness. The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry: "My son! My son!" The answer: "My father! My father!"

**The Arm of God.**

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon, willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifice were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who held the manacles, "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms are fastened, his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind, ready to be put under the brushwood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then, lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry. "Abraham! Abraham! Lay not thy hand upon the lad nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods! It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood and could not get loose, and Abraham seizes it gladly and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on in his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise the blood rolls down the sides of the altar and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words, "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world."

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah or Abimelech or somebody else, but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he said, 'Abraham!' Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do ye yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advance, and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. 'Jehovah-jireh'—the Lord will provide." A capital lesson this old minister gives us.

**God Will Provide.**

Out yonder in his house is an aged woman. The light of heaven in her face, she is half way through the door; she has her hand on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this subject? "Oh," she says, "I would learn that it is in the last pinch that God comes to the relief. You see, the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted, and just at the last moment God broke in and stopped proceedings. So it has been in my life of 70 years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house, and I set the table at noon and had nothing to put on it, but five minutes of 1 o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away. Why, there are neighbors who have three and four sons. This is my only son, this is my Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will you?' But I saw he was getting worse and worse all the time, and I turned round and prayed, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I could say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises when I looked, and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever had broken, and he spoke to us so naturally that I knew he was going to get well. He did get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar. And, bless your souls, that's been so for 70 years, and if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better, I could preach to you younger people a sermon, for though I can't see much I can see this. Whenever you get into a tough place, and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods you will see, caught in the branches, a substitute and a deliverance. 'My son, God will provide himself a lamb.'"

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two and say, never do you fear. I wish I had half as good a hope of heaven as you have. Do not fear, mother. Whatever happens, no harm will ever happen to you. I was going up a long flight of stairs, and I saw an aged woman, very decrepit and with a cane, creeping on up. She made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant, and I said to her, "Why, mother, that is no way to go up stairs," and I threw my arms around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you. I am very thankful." Oh, mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go up stairs and rest in the good place that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up—you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you and you will be clothed with a glorious life, beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hilltops.

**Typical of Jesus.**

Now, that aged minister has made a suggestion and this aged woman has made a suggestion. I will make a suggestion—Isaac going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only son of Abraham. Jesus, the only son of God. On those two "onlys" I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was lifted over Calvary, there was no voice that cried "Stop!" and no hand arrested it. Sharp, keen and tremendous, it cut down through nerve and artery until the blood sprayed the faces of the executioners and the midday sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac of Mount Moriah! O Jesus of Mount Calvary! Better could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds than to have sacrificed his only Son. It was not one of ten sons—it was his only Son. If he had not given up him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that he gave his only"—I stop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great God, break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the only, typical of Jesus the only.

You see Isaac going up the hill and carrying the wood. O Abraham, why not take the load off the boy? If he is going to die so soon, why not make his last hours easy? Abraham knew that in carrying that wood up Mount Moriah Isaac was to be a symbol of Christ carrying his own cross up Calvary. I do not know how heavy that cross was—whether it was made of oak or acacia or Lebanon cedar. I suppose it may have weighed 100 or 200 or 300 pounds. That was the lightest part of the burden. All the sins and sorrows of the world were wound around that cross. The heft of one, the heft of two, worlds—earth and hell were on his shoulders. O Isaac, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Moriah. O Jesus, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Calvary, the agonies of earth and hell wrapped around that cross. I shall never see the heavy load on Isaac's back that I shall not think of the crushing load on Christ's back. For whom that load? For you. For you. For me. For me. Would that all the tears that we have ever wept over our sorrows had been saved until this morning, and that we might now pour them out on the lacerated back and feet and heart of the Son of God.

You say: "If this young man was 20 or 30 years of age, why did not he resist? Why was it not Isaac binding Abraham instead of Abraham binding Isaac? The muscle in Isaac's arm was stronger than the muscle in Abraham's withered arm. No young man 25 years of age would submit to have his father fasten him to a pile of wood with intention of burning." Isaac was a willing sacrifice, and so a type of Christ who willingly came to save the world. If all the armies of heaven had resolved to force Christ out from the gate, they could not have done it. Christ was equal with God. If all the battalions of glory had armed themselves and resolved to put Christ forth and make him come out and save this world, they could not have succeeded in it. With one stroke he would have toppled over angelic and archangelic dominion.

**A Willing Sacrifice.**

But there was one thing that the omnipotent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows mastered him. He could not bear to see the world die without an offer of pardon and help, and if all heaven had armed itself to keep him back, if the gates of life had been bolted and double barred, Christ would have flung the everlasting doors from their hinges and would have sprung forth, scattering the hindering hosts of heaven like chaff before the whirlwind, as he cried: "Lo, I come to suffer! Lo, I come to die!" Christ—a willing sacrifice. Willing to take Bethlehem humiliation and sanhedrin outrage and whipping post maltreatment and Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing to die. Willing to save.

How does this affect you? Do not your very best impulses bound out toward this painstruck Christ? Get down at his feet, O ye people. Put your lips against the wound on his right foot and help kiss away the pang. Wipe the foam from his dying lip. Get under the cross until you feel the baptism of his rushing tears. Take him into your heart, with warmest love and undying enthusiasm. By your resistances you have abused him long enough. Christ is willing to save you. Are you willing to be saved? It seems to me as if this moment were throbbing with the invitations of an all compassionate God.

I have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark stands in a quarter in the center of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: A large hearted woman passing one noonday across the square saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day at the same hour she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon, the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul today. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be the better it is. It is noon, and the gospel clock strikes 12. Come in flocks! Come as doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chime: Come! Come! Come!

**Four Precious Ink Bottles.**

Four ink bottles, from which some of the greatest literary works of the century issued, are to be on view, says our Paris correspondent, at an approaching exhibition of relics. They were used severally by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, the elder Dumas and George Sand. Mme. Victor Hugo collected them to sell at a charity bazaar in Guernsey. To this end she had them set in a frame of oak that could be used as a table. With each is a letter attesting its authenticity. Victor Hugo said: "I did not buy or choose this ink bottle, but fell on it by chance and used it for months. It was asked of me for a work of charity, and here it is.—Hauteville House, June, 1860." Lamartine wrote: "Presented by Lamartine to a master of the pen." Dumas the elder thus certified: "I certify that this is the ink bottle I used in writing my last 15 works.—A. Dumas, 10 April, 1860." George Sand, in a letter of three pages, begs Mme. Hugo to excuse the ugliness of her box ink bottle, which shuts with a spring, she used it in all her tours and wanderings and could only part with it for the sake of Mme. Hugo's charity.—London News.

## A ROMANCE OF THE GRAVE.

**How a North Dakota Lover Saved His Sweetheart From Being Buried Alive.**

From Hope, N. D., comes a strange story of death, resurrection and marriage. It appears that Miss Ellen Norman, 19, living just south of Hope, was the belle of the neighborhood and was engaged to marry George Thompson. In October of 1894 the girl was taken ill with a malady which puzzled the doctors, and on Oct. 24 she seemingly died.

In a few hours her face began to turn black, and the doctors at once ordered the coffin tightly closed, as they feared that the disease was contagious. The only watcher beside the casket the night before the funeral was her lover, who declared that he was not afraid of the disease, whatever it was.

After the Norman family had retired, he removed the lid of the coffin in order to once more gaze upon the face of the girl. Suddenly he was startled to see the chest of the body in the casket rise and fall in a spasmodic way. In a moment he was bending low over the coffin, with his ear pressed against the girl's chest.

There was life in the body, for the heart was fluttering. Wrapping the still form in the blanket which had been given him to throw about his shoulders during his vigil, Thompson swiftly carried the girl to his own home, where he explained all to his mother. She agreed with him that it would be folly to arouse the neighbors, as it was not at all certain that the girl would really come to life again. After placing Ellen in bed and surrounding her with hot pillows Dr. Z. E. Mullan was called in and sworn to secrecy.

Then Thompson returned to the Norman residence and after making up a dummy body and covering it with the grave clothes taken from the girl, he dropped a handkerchief lightly over the face. When morning came, all was the same, apparently, as it had been the night before, and the coffin remained, under orders from the doctor, unopened.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE E. THOMPSON.

The funeral service was largely attended, and at its conclusion the casket was lowered into the grave. Mr. Thompson, Dr. Mullan and Mr. Thompson's mother were the only ones who knew that the body of the girl was not in the casket.

After Miss Norman had been carried to the Thompson residence Dr. Mullan worked over her for several hours. A galvanic battery was brought into use, and after a time the supposed dead girl began breathing in a fairly natural manner again and color returned to the face.

She remained unconscious or delirious for several days, and then awoke as from a heavy sleep. She was simply told that she had been quite sick and that she must remain absolutely quiet. As she became stronger all was explained to her. She wanted her parents sent for at once, but this Dr. Mullan would not listen to, saying that the least excitement might bring on a relapse.

In December Miss Norman married Thompson and the couple went south and remained there until she fully regained her health. A short time ago they returned to Hope, first having advised Mr. and Mrs. Norman that the daughter they had mourned as dead was alive and well and on her way home. There was a dramatic scene when Mrs. Thompson met her father and mother. The townspeople at first refused to believe that the young woman was the one they had seen buried until the grave was opened and the dummy body taken from the casket.

Mrs. Thompson looks as well and happy as a woman can, but does not care to talk of her strange experience.

**A Safe Place For Murderers.**

San Francisco appears to be a pretty safe place for murderers, according to The Argonaut. In the nine years from 1885 to 1893 there were 250 murders committed in San Francisco. The annual total of murders in those years never went below 20 and has risen above 40. For the official year ending June 30, 1893, the police record in San Francisco shows: For murder, 30—no convictions; for manslaughter, 11—no convictions; for assault with deadly weapon, 281. Boston, with a population of 500,000, had 3 murders in 1891; San Francisco, with about half her population, had in the same year 31. Philadelphia, with a population of over 1,000,000, had 23 murders in 1892; San Francisco, with about one-fourth of her population, had 28. Liverpool, with a population of over 500,000, had in 1892 6 murders; San Francisco, 28. Edinburgh, with a population of about 260,000, had in 1891 4 murders; San Francisco, 31.

**A Creepy Kind of Sweetheart.**

From an English town comes the story of a girl who has lost by death three men to whom she was successively engaged. In the first instance the youth, to whom she had been betrothed for a year and a half, expired on the very eve of the wedding. In the second, another young man, to whom she had been engaged soon after the melancholy event, died a few days before the marriage, and his successor in her affections has now shared a similar fate. It seems that sundry ancient females of the neighborhood, attributing this series of calamities to the fact that the young woman has the "evil eye," have calmly suggested that the only remedy is to be found in burning her alive.

**Wanted to Marry a Corpse.**

Charles A. Bradley died in a Louisville hospital recently. The next day a woman calling herself Mary Jane Bradley, who had paid several visits to Bradley at the hospital, called at the residence of Rev. J. M. Weaver and told him that she had been living with Bradley as his wife, but had never been married to him. She said Bradley had left several hundred dollars, and as he had no living relatives so far as she knew she wanted to gain possession of it. She asked Dr. Weaver if he could not secure a marriage license for her, date it back a week before Bradley's death and then perform a ceremony over his body. This the preacher refused to do.

**Test For Insane Persons.**

Buston Ward, the celebrated English physician, says: "There is one infallible symptom indicating whether a person is sane or not. Let a person speak ever so rationally and act ever so sedately, if his or her thumbs remain inactive there is no doubt of his or her insanity. Lunatics seldom make use of their thumbs when writing, drawing or saluting."

## HOW HE WAS CALLED.

**Dr. Sunderland Tells of Dr. Talmage's Selection by the Washington Church.**

It is a queer tale of how Dr. Talmage was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church in Washington and of the terms upon which he has been engaged. No salary has been stipulated. Dr. Talmage is simply to come and preach on Sunday evenings, leaving the sordid question of salary to be decided hereafter, according to his own desire. The church, with the coming of Dr. Talmage, will have three pastors, as the venerable Byron Sunderland and the Rev. Adolos Allen will remain. Dr. Sunderland has been pastor of the church since 1853 and has been intimately connected with its rise, decline and fall. With him originated the idea of asking Dr. Talmage to come, and he says that he now looks upon the suggestion in the light of an inspiration. To use Dr. Sunderland's own language, it came about in this way:

"If any one had told me two weeks ago," said he to The Sun correspondent, "that there was even a prospect of Dr. Talmage coming to our church in the near future, I should certainly not have believed it, for until two weeks ago the idea of even asking him if he could come was the very farthest from my thoughts and those of the officers of my church. The call came about very curiously. We had a meeting of the officials of the church for the purpose of talking over the ways and means in the approaching centennial of its founding in the city of Washington, which we had proposed having during the latter part of November. It had been proposed by the trustees to have Dr. Talmage come here at that time to give a talk, possibly at Convention hall, where he might have a large crowd. I attended this meeting and gave my heartiest approval to the plan. Suddenly, without thought, I rose, and the idea came into my mind—I took upon it now as an inspiration—to call Talmage permanently, and I said, and quick as a flash and without thinking, 'Here we are talking about getting this man to be with us for one night, why not call him here for all the time? Why not ask him to be our pastor?' The words actually dumfounded the trustees, and there I stood, almost dazed and thunderstruck at the temerity of my remark. The reason I think it was an inspiration is that I had not thought of it for a moment and blurted it out as soon as it came into my mind. I really don't know what possessed me that night.

"Of course the trustees thought it was the most idle thing in the world to consider. They answered me by saying that he was a man with offers from all over the world; the proffer of an immense salary from London and the building of an immense new church; large offers from syndicates and many inviting propositions from the largest Presbyterian churches in the country. There was another proposition made him recently from the Red Cross society. They raised a large sum of money for the relief of the Armenians and proposed to Dr. Talmage to go to Armenia in their behalf and expend the money for the benefit of the suffering Christians in that persecuted land. How could we, they said, in our modest though historical church here in Washington, expect to get the services of a man with such offers as these? I argued that I was old and feeble—nearly 75—and my sphere of active usefulness was about over, but that there was unquestionably a field in this city of politics and government for a man of Dr. Talmage's attainments.

"In spite of myself I controverted all of the objections of the trustees. I argued that we didn't know about Dr. Talmage's aims and ambitions. That while these tempting offers had been made there were many things which might interfere with his taking advantage of any of them. He was naturally anxious about the safety of the Armenian expedition, and did not, I thought, care to leave his own country, even to take advantage of such a magnificent offer as that which came to him from London, and I was not certain that he would not do as much good at our church here in Washington as at any other Presbyterian church in the country. I argued that it had been some time since Dr. Talmage had been unsettled in his prospects; that he had not accepted anywhere else; that his Tabernacle had been burned a year; that his Brooklyn associations, owing to the death of his wife, were sad, and that he would probably like a change. We were old friends. I knew that he liked Washington and that he had preached at my church, giving afterward expressions of great gratification at the reception which he had received from my people and the people of other denominations in this city who had called to hear him. All of these arguments I used as if they had been in my mind for months, and from that evening until his acceptance reached me on Thursday morning I have been convinced that he would come to us."—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

**Canal Lock Operation.**

The gates and gate valves of the great lock in the new Canadian canal at Sault Ste. Marie, connecting Lakes Superior and Huron, are operated by electric power. The lock is built of masonry, is 900 feet long, 60 feet wide and has a depth of water of over 20 feet. Electric apparatus is used, and the power generators and lighting dynamos are driven by turbines. The reasons which led to the adoption of electric power on the Canadian lock are stated by J. B. Spence, chief draftsman of the department of railways and canals, in The Canadian Electric News as follows:

"As regards economy, I think the difference between electric and hydraulic power will be very trifling, and here the point of economy was not taken into consideration. One of the main objects of using electricity was to overcome the great trouble caused by frost when hydraulic machinery is used. During the closing weeks of navigation the cold is so great that oil has to be used in the hydraulic engines placed on the lock walls, and even then the cold causes the oil to thicken and makes the action of the engines slow and tedious. Of course frost would not have interfered with hydraulic valve engines placed at the bottom of the lock, but in this case eight engines would have been required, while only four screw power engines are needed with the machinery as designed."

**Buttonholes.**

If you are troubled by the buttonholes in children's clothing tearing out, when making a garment put a strip of the goods where the buttonholes come, making two or four extra thicknesses. Then work with a little coarser thread than usual, putting the stitches in closely, and there will be no further trouble. If the buttons come off or tear out, put from four to six extra thicknesses of the material underneath the facing where each button is to be sewed on, with a good sized pin between the button and the cloth, and use good linen thread, filling the eyes of the button full after which withdraw the pin, and the buttons will neither come off nor tear out.

## THE ELECTRIC LAMP.

**Stories of Hotel Men Who Manage to Have Lots of Fun Out of *it*.**

Several hotel men were standing in a group in an up town hotel recently chatting. The conversation turned upon the eccentricities of guests. The many odd ways in which different people handle electric lights came up, and one hotel man said:

"Nearly every one now knows how the incandescent lamp is operated, but still we meet with some funny instances of ignorance. Last week we nearly had our hotel set on fire on account of a piece of stupidity on the part of a guest. The building being fireproof alone prevented a conflagration. A woman came to the house who was in the habit of sleeping with a dim light in her room, and the electric lamp bothered her. She either had to let it burn brightly or else turn it off altogether. Finally she hit upon the idea of wrapping a towel around it. Then she began to question whether the towel would catch fire. Then she adopted the happy expedient of wetting the towel. That was the worst thing that she could do. She soon dropped asleep, and of course the towel soon began to burn. A blazing piece dropped on the curtains, and soon the whole room was afire. She was badly scared and, of course, the contents of the room were ruined."

"That was odd," said another one of the party, "but the strangest thing I have heard of was the case of a farmer who came into St. Louis. He went to a hotel where electric lamps were used. He tried for an hour to put it out, and then sent for a callboy. The guest explained his dilemma, and the boy promptly stepped up to the lamp and turned the button. There was a moment of silence, and then from the place where the farmer stood there came a flash and report and a bullet buried itself in the wall, narrowly missing the boy. Again and again the pistol was heard until every chamber was empty. Fortunately the boy escaped, and the police entered the room and placed the farmer under arrest. The old fellow was talking incoherently and seemed mad clear through. When he was finally quieted down, he gave his reason for shooting. He said that he had been trying to put out a new fangled sort of light and had not been able to do it. Then he called a boy, who blew it out. Just after the light went out he heard a click and knew that some one had cocked a revolver. He at once thought he was about to be murdered and robbed and did not wait, but began shooting at once. When told of his mistake, he was much chagrined and apologized most humbly."

This story brought forth another one from a member of the party who had not yet spoken. He said:

"When we put electric lights in our hotel, we placed them so that they could be moved to any part of the room, plenty of wire being allowed for that purpose. One night a man came to the house who was unfamiliar with the light and could not find the way to put it out. Evidently he did not wish to show his ignorance, and as he could not sleep with the light burning he cast about for some way to get rid of it. Finally he drew the bureau up alongside the lamp. Then he took the globe and placed it in one of the bureau drawers and closed the drawer tightly. The result was the light was practically put out. The chambermaid found it there in the morning, and it was still burning brightly. He admitted his ignorance then, and was shown him how the machine worked."—New York Tribune.

**A Daring Operation.**

The first operation for the removal of the jugular was performed in India by an English surgeon, a Dr. Smith, on an East Indian who had such a bad tumor on his neck that death was certain. To cut down and take out a piece of the famous old vein was simply a rash experiment in which Dr. Smith himself had little confidence. As soon as the news of its success was distributed through the medical world the vein immediately lost some of its great prestige and the tumor of the neck much of its horror. You may be sure that Dr. Smith did not tell the Indian what he was about to do or the poor fellow would probably have died of fright on the spot, for the ignorant natives of India regard the jugular as the seat of all life. But the prestige of the jugular has received even a greater blow. A few weeks ago in a case of inflammation of both sides of the walls of the neck and the resulting disease of both jugulars and the tissue around them of a patient in a British hospital another rash experiment was attempted—the removal of both jugulars. It succeeded. The patient is upon his feet again and lively as he ever was, and to be slashed in the jugular has now no terrors for him.—Chicago Record.

**Parents Who Impose on Sympathy.**

An interesting, and, in a way, a pitiable, sight was seen on an up town car a day or two ago. A little girl with a handsome, delicate face crowded herself and a large basket between two elderly people and busied herself looking out of the opposite window. Soon the conductor came around with his gruff, "Fares, please." The little girl waited until he spoke directly to her; then she hastily opened a little purse and fumbled her fingers inside for coins which were not there. She expressed surprise and looked supplicatingly into the conductor's eyes. No one offered to pay her fare, but the conductor allowed her to ride. She was destined way out Elk street and of necessity had to appeal to a second conductor's sympathy. The first conductor afterward said that the child, instructed by her parents, practices the same trick day after day. It is not her fault, and the man of the punch cannot harden his heart to put her off his car.—Buffalo Courier.

**Fees For Admission to Public Schools.**

Augusta is the only city known to us where an initiation fee is charged for admission to the high schools in connection with the public school system. Every year children entering the Tubman High school have to pay $7.50 a term, and those entering the Ware High school for negro children pay $5 a term. In the one case it is $15, in the other $10 a year. The amount received from these fees, between $2,000 and $3,000, is an insignificant proportion of the general school fund and is not necessary to the successful operation of the system. It amounts to a great hardship to many worthy girls, whose parents cannot afford this additional tax, and carries with it no corresponding betterment to the system.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

**Brazilian Hatred of England.**

The numerous friends of Dr. Von Wedekind, formerly of the United States gunboat Yantic, but some time ago transferred to the Newark, will be amused to learn that one day last week while walking along Rua do Ouvidor, in Rio de Janeiro, the doctor was taken for an Englishman and was made to take off his hat to salute the Brazilian flag.—Buenos Ayres Herald.

***A Gentle Corrective***

is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most *effective*. They go about their work in an easy and *natural* way, and their good *lasts*. **Once used, they are always in favor.** Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequaled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) *on trial*, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.


## WILD FLOWERS.

Oh, beautiful blossoms, pure and sweet,
Aglean with dew from the country ways,
To me, at work in a city street,
You bring fair visions of bygone days—
Glad days, when I hid in a mist of green
To watch spring's delicate buds unfold,
And all the riches I cared to glean
Were daisy silver and buttercup gold.

'Tis true you come of a lowly race,
Nursed by the sunshine, fed by the showers,
And yet you are heirs to a nameless grace
Which I fail to find in my hothouse flowers,
And you breathe on me with your honeyed lips,
Till in thought I stand on the wind swept fells,
Where the brown bees hum o'er the ferny dips,
Or ring faint peals on the heather bells.

I close my eyes on the crowded street,
I shut my ears to the city's roar,
And am out in the open with flying feet—
Off, off to your emerald haunts once more!
But the harsh wheels grate on the stones below,
And a sparrow chirps at the murky pane,
And my bright dreams fade in an overflow
Of passionate longing and tender pain.

—E. Matheson in Chambers' Journal.


**Four Big Successes.**

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at Flocken's drug store.


## THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH.

I'd like to be a cowboy an ride a fiery hoss
Way out into the big an boundless west.
I'd kill the bears an catamounts an wolves I come across,
An I'd pluck the bal'head eagle from his nest!
With my pistols at my side,
I would roam the prarers wide
An to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride—
If I darst, but I darsen't!

I'd like to go to Afriky an hunt the lions there,
An the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw!
I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,
An beard the cannybull that eats folks raw!
I'd chase the pizen snakes
An the 'pottimus that makes
His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—
If I darst, but I darsen't!

I would I were a pirut to sail the ocean blue,
With a big black flag a-flyin overhead;
I would scour the billowy main with my gallant pirut crew
An dye the sea a goutly, gory red!
With my cutlass in my hand
On the quarter-deck I'd stand,
And to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
If I darst, but I darsen't!

And, if I darst, I'd lick my pa for the fithes that he's licked me!
I'd lick my brother an my teacher too!
I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
An I'd keep on lickin folks till I got through!
You bet! I'd run away
From my lessons to my play,
An I'd shoo the hens, an teaze the cat, an kiss the girls all day—
If I darst, but I darsen't!

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.


**Rheumatism Cured in a Day.**

"Mystic Cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Company, druggists Marion O.


**Challenger Named After a Mare.**

Charles Day Rose, who has challenged for the America's cup, is a first class steeplechaser and named the yacht Distant Shore, which he proposes to build, after his favorite brood mare bred by the queen in 1880.


**Allen's Discovery for Piles.**

Allen's Discovery for Piles will cure blind, bleeding and itching piles when all other treatments have failed. It stops the itching at once, eases the soreness, acts as a poultice and absorbs the tumors. It is a new discovery that cures piles. Prepared only for piles and itching and chafing, and nothing else. Ask today for Allen's Discovery. Sent by mail, 50¢. Address Allen's Discovery, Box 88 LeRoy, N. Y.


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By W. G. HARDING.

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EIGHT PAGES.

MONDAY - - - - - OCTOBER 14


# REPUBLICAN DAYS

A CALL FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF A BUSHNELL CLUB.

**To Attend the Great Republican Rally at Columbus, October 19 and to Meet Governor McKinley, Wednesday, October 23, When He Comes Here.**

The Marion County Republican Central committee has issued a call to all Republicans, young and old, to meet at the republican club rooms and headquarters, on Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, to organize a Bushnell club. There are two objects in view. Many Republicans have expressed a desire to have a big delegation go to

GENERAL ASA S. BUSHNELL.

the grand rally at Columbus next Saturday night, Oct. 19, and very satisfactory arrangements for train service can be made if the club is organized.

Further, Governor McKinley will be in Marion on Wednesday, October 23, and it is the wish to be organized in order to give the distinguished visitor such a reputation as he deserves.

The invitation to be present and join applies to Republicans in all parts of the county as well as Marion. For those who do not know the location of headquarters, it is worth while to say they are located over the Blue Front clothing house, opposite Hotel Marion.

Keep in mind the date. Wednesday evening, Oct. 16, at 7:30 o'clock.

**And This Our Classic Neighbor!**

[Cleveland World.]

The sooner the better the community of Delaware, O., expresses its sense of regret that a gentleman of good conduct and character, but sick and almost helpless can be treated with a barbarism that is more like the French outrage on Consul Waller or the behavior of half-civilized peoples toward their war captives.

An agent of The World, in pursuit of his regular business, was unfortunate enough to fall ill in that place, and before he was well enough to resume his work had naturally run up a hotel bill beyond his expectations and resources.

Paying what he could on account and leaving his baggage as security for the remainder, he set about his occupation before he was really well enough to do so. Then began a persecution that may fairly be called "hounding." He was arrested as a swindler, lodged sick and weak in jail; bailed out; rearrested; jailed again, then heavily fined and at last released when The World was informed of his plight and of the fact that so benighted a set of petty tyrants actually existed within the boundaries of so enlightened a state as Ohio. Imprisonment for debt has long since been abolished, yet these Delaware cads imprisoned this man for debt under the thinest and shabbiest of pretenses that he was trying to "jump his board bill."

**W. R. C. Meeting.**

The regular meeting of the W. R. C. will be held in their hall, in Masonic block, Tuesday, at 2 o'clock sharp, Oct 15. It is hoped every member will be there to prepare for our annual inspection, which will occur in a few days. It is important that our inspector should find us prepared for her coming. Don't fail to attend this meeting.

Ass't Sec'y

## WORKMEN BURNED.

**Sixteen Tons of Molten Metal Poured Over Them in a Pit.**

Special to the DAILY STAR.

PITTSBURG, October 13—Two converters in the Frankstone mills of Jones & Laughlin were overturned this morning, pouring sixteen tons of molten metal into the pit and upon a score of workmen. One man was fatally and three were dangerously burned. Four others were seriously burned.

## THE DEATH ANGEL

**Visits Two Well-known Marion County Homes—L. H. Monnett and Miss Rowena Walters Dead.**

It was with painful surprise that the friends and acquaintance here learned of the death of Lorin H. Monnett this morning. It was only about a week ago that he was in apparent good health. Last Tuesday he was obliged to take to his bed and symptoms of typhoid fever soon showed themselves He graduully failed until this morning at 1 o'clock when death came to relieve him of his sufferings.

Deceased was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Monnett, residing eight miles north of this city, and was well known in Marion He was 28 years of age and a young man of quiet demeanor and steady habits, and exceedingly popular with all who were so fortunate as to be acquainted with him. His illness was of such a short duration that his death seems doubly sad, especially to those who were intimate with the cheerfully disposed young man.

The funeral will occur from the house Wednesday at 1 p. m., and the remains will be interred here.

**A Young Lady's Death.**

Rosvena Walters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Walters, died at her home about seven miles north of this city, Sunday morning at 1 o'clock The young lady had been suffering with typhoid fever, which resulted in her death. She was but 19 years of age and a favorite with all who knew her. Her death was a surprise and greatly shocked her many friends

The funeral will occur from the house Tuesday afternoon at 12:30 o'clock, standard time.

## RIOTOUS DANCERS

**Make a Dirty Spectacle of a State Street Car.**

There was a dance out in the eastern part of town Saturday night that was a corker, but it was not necessary to call the police, for, by some strange chain of circumstances the dance was pulled off without any fights.

Some of the party, however, became gloriously intoxicated, and to all intents and purposes, there was a little riot on north bound State street car No. 2, George Milan, motorman.

The young fellows from the dance got on the car at the transfer from the west bound car and soon proceeded to make themselves perfectly at home. The overhead switch was turned several times, brakes were set, all of them indulged in throwing whiskey from their flasks on each other, and after the trip the car looked as if it had been bathed in whiskey and tobacco juice.

It is quite probable that several arrests will be made.

**Otis Harlan's Success.**

The Columbus Press-Post has the following concerning Otis Harlan, a successful Ohio boy and brother of Geo. W. Harlan, of this city:

Mr. Otis Harlan, the star of "The Black Sheep" company, now at the High Street theater, is an Ohio boy, and has a legion of friends in Columbus. His progress on the streets of this city is a difficult one, as he is continually being hailed by a friend. His success on the stage has made him widely known, while his genial qualities in private life render him an universal favorite.

He was born on December 29, 1865, in Zanesville. Mr. Harlan says he is willing to call it square, if the citizens of Zanesville will only be equally forgiving.

In one of his visits to Columbus he met Charles H. Hoyt, the author of so many brilliant farce comedies, and the author took a fancy to the young man at once. Harlan was singing a song when Hoyt first saw him, and he was equally impressed both with the qualities of Otis' voice and the sparkling way in which he sang. He obtained an introduction, and with the aid of Peter Blow, now the representative of "The Black Sheep," he signed Harlan without delay. Otis was first cast for the leading juvenile part in the "Hole in the Ground," in which he himself says he was pretty bad, but Hoyt forgave him. The next season he was cast for one of the "Razzle Dazzle" trio in Hoyt's "A Brass Monkey" company. That trio made Tim Murphy, William F Mack and Otis Harlan in a theatrical sense, and financially profited Hoyt to the extent of $150,000. He divided his time next season between "Dreams" and later on "Mr Macaroni" The next season he was cast with Rich and Harris' production, "Boys and Girls," and the next year he joined Charles Frohman's forces. Here he was assigned to a part in "Gloriana," but returned to Mr. Hoyt in his new play "A Black Sheep," which play was written especially for him by Mr Hoyt and is conceded today to be the most popular play of any Mr. Hoyt has written, and the greatest financial success of any farce comedy before the people today.

**Forsker and Bushnell at Kenton.**

On account of the big republican meeting at Kenton, Wednesday, Oct 16, the Chicago and Erie railway will sell round trip tickets at one fare, 75 cents. Meeting will be held at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, so Marionites can go in train 3, leaving here at 11:45 a. m and return on train 2, reaching Marion at 5:10 p. m. Ex-Gov Forsker and Gen'l Bushnell will both be there.

2782 M. B. DICKERSON, Agent.

# REV. J. L. HILLMAN

PREACHED A STRIKINGLY STRONG SERMON SABBATH MORNING.

**Rev. Cellar, of Delaware, Spoke Morning and Evening at the Presbyterian Church. Rev. J. W. Armstrong Discourses at St. Paul's—Other Churches**

In the absence of Rev W. E Thomas the pulpit at the Presbyterian church was filled both morning and evening by Rev. Cellar, of Delaware

The sermon for the morning was highly interesting and strikingly beautiful and was highly appreciated by the good sized audience present.

In the evening a large congregation had assembled to hear for a second time the eloquent speaker, who took his text from the seventeenth verse of the ninth Psalm: "The wicked shall be turned into hell."

"At a large gathering of ministers," said Rev. Mr. Cellar, "the matter of texts was discussed and finally one of the divines said that he had once talked upon "The wicked shall be turned into hell," whereupon an old Scotch minister asked the question, 'Did you treat the subject tenderly, brother'"

"How pregnant with meaning was this old Scotchman's query! I always think of it and never speak from this text without fear and trembling and without handling it with the uttermost care."

"Is there a place called hell? You are all of you, at least a greater portion of you, ready to admit that there is a heaven. Why not a hell? You offer the bible to prove there is a heaven. Does it not also prove that there is a hell?"

I went into a smithy shop once and watched the brawny smith as he deftly moulded the glowing iron into shape while the clang, clang of the forge rang throughout the night. His helper asked him what he should do with some old scraps of iron. The smith answered, "Throw it into the hell hole." I considered this profane and asked the smith about it and he explained that the hell hole was a place in which all utterly useless and bad pieces of iron were thrown. I asked him why he didn't throw them over the shop. His answer was, 'Why, then we'd have hell all over the shop.'

"Some time after in a printing office I heard the foreman tell the devil to throw some pied type into the hell hole. An investigation brought the same results and the question 'Why not put the pied type any place?' brought the same reply, 'Why, then we'd have hell all over the shop'"

"I went into a new pastorate some years since and found that it would be necessary to clean up the lawn. After raking all the debris in a pile I found that it consisted of pieces of stone and glass and other articles which I would not dare throw into the alley so I thought I would throw it between the stable and a shed where there was a space about a foot in width. Judge of my surprise when I found that some one had been there before me and made a hell hole.

Even if a man makes a place to put utterly bad and useless things; if in worldly affairs we must have our hell holes, why is it not possible, even probable that God has His hell hole?

The speaker then dwelt on the danger the moral man might bring to a community no matter how good his deeds and finished with a most beautiful peroration.

Rev. J. L. Hillman preached both morning and evening to unusually large audiences at the Epworth M. E church, the subject of the evening discourse being "Abraham and Lot," the speaker taking his text from the 13th chapter of Genesis.

The morning service was a memorial service for Perry Albert Dowell, child of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Dowell, and Clarence R. Merrill, child of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Merrill, the sermon being a radical departure from many memorial sermons had in this city.

Rev Mr. Hillman took his text from Matthaw 18: 1-6, the theme of the sermon being Jesus Christ and the children.

The speaker started out with the statement that moral qualities determine future destiny, that therefore the moral condition of children, then, is the great question.

"Christ paid the attention to them that he did," said he, "because of their heavenly existence; Christ said of them: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and told his disciples that unless they became as such they could not enter the kingdom of heaven.

"Such being the normal condition of the child we have substantial hope for those who are bereft of their children and a foundation for a mighty appeal to those upon whom rests the responsibility of the training of children.

"As sure as the law of gravity says a book will fall to the ground if I drop it from my hand, just so sure the law of spiritual gravity says that a child in its innocence will go to heaven.

"It is just as true of the child as it is of the aged saint, that to die is gain. In case a child lives, need it ever forget its relationship to God? Need it serve constant 'prenticeship to satan' Need it go to paradise by the way of Gehenna' Certainly not. I believe that the child can be so trained by the parents and nurtured by the church that when it comes to years of accountability it will choose God for its portion and voluntarily recognize its allegiance to Him and enter upon a conscious christian existence.

Rev. J. W. Armstrong spoke both morning and evening at St. Paul's Episcopal church to good sized congregations.

He took his morning text from the opening sentences of the sermon on the mount, St. Matthew 5 3-6, and dwelt upon the steps necessary to conversion.

In the evening the text was taken from the gospel by St. Mark 12-31—"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," and went on to show a number of instances not far from, yet not altogether within the kingdom. He spoke of the opportunities offered to be near the ideal, yet how because of some secret sin or drawback many were not yet within.

There was preaching morning and evening at both Free Baptist and State Street Baptist churches, Rev. D B Martin, speaking at the former and Rev. Alexander Bartley at the latter.

**New Buckwheat in Town.**

This year's crop of buckwheat has just reached town and buckwheat cakes are now in order as is evinced by the syrup decorations on the face of ye small boy. The Larrowe Milling Company, Ltd., Cohoctom, N. Y., the largest buckwheat millers in the world, have done much to restore the old-time popularity of buckwheat cakes by the production of their kiln-dried country buckwheat, which the food commissioners of Ohio declared, after a second analysis, to be pure buckwheat. It sounds strange to the average person to speak of buckwheat not being buckwheat, and yet it is a fact that much of the buckwheat sold today is largely mixed with corn meal and other adulterants. This no doubt accounts for the fact that the buckwheat cakes we get now-a-days seldom taste so good as those "mother used to make." Larrowe's Country Buckwheat is the kind we used to get before the age of adulterated food. It is grown and ground in the country and sent from the mill in sealed packages. This protects the buyer from adulteration enroute, as well as from deleterious substance of any nature. The Larrowe Company pride themselves to such an extent on the purity of their product that they offer $1000 in gold to anyone who can prove that it is not pure buckwheat.

Ask the dealer for Larrowe's Country Buckwheat and have some buckwheat cakes that are buckwheat cakes

**Talk of a Big Orchestra.**

There is an effort being made by the musicians of this city to organize a large orchestra of forty or fifty pieces. It is claimed that there is the material in the city to form such an organization, if the musicians would only consent to it.

The idea is to form the orchestra and then give several concerts not only in Marion, but surrounding cities. When engagements are secured for dances and such entertainments the entire orchestra would not need be present, but just the number of musicians that were wanted. A number of the local musicians have been working on the matter for some time and hope to be able to bring such an organization about.

**Sons of Veterans Camp.**

All sons of ex-soldiers are requested to meet at the G. A. R. hall Monday evening, Oct. 14, at 7 p. m. sharp, for the purpose of organizing a camp of Sons of Veterans. J. H. FOSTER, P. C.

H. JUMP, Agt.

**They All Thumped.**

He was a typical gamin—ragged, unwashed and seemingly taking a heap of comfort as he sat munching an apple on the steps of a tenement house in Elizabeth street the other evening. As I sat down beside him I asked:

"Well, how are you getting along?"

"All right," he replied.

"Father in work?"

"Yes; he's in work, but he only gits his board and clothes out of it Dad's over on the island for 60 days for thumpin mam."

"And your mother—she lives up stairs, I suppose?"

"She did," he answered, "but she's doin 15 days' time for thumpin me"

"Then you are keeping house alone, eh?"

"Yes, I shall be now. I just got home myself today."

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, I got five days for thumpin a kid as lafted when ma was arrested."

"You seem to be a thumping sort of family," I said as he gnawed away at his apple

"Yes, I guess so," he replied, "and you haven't seen the half of us yit. I've a feller who lives out around the corner, and I'm a-goin to lam along here every month."

"You should wish well your brother do?"

"If I'm a-livin, he won't thump me below but me, but if you are here he'll thump both of us to gether!"

I gave him a nickel cigar as a reward of merit and move to the other side of the road.—Detroit Free Press.

The principles of rainfall were first correctly set forth by Dalton in 1751.


Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.


## MYTHOLOGY.

Hera Parthenia was worshiped by brides.

The Pierides gave Greek girls such graces of mind and body as they possessed.

A Greek girl offered gifts of flowers to Peitho that she might be fluent in speech and pleasant in utterance.

When a Roman trader set out in the morning for a day's business, he prayed to Themis to teach all housewives the value of hospitality.

The Hindoo god of marriage is represented with a human body and elephant's head, seated on a throne resting on a circle of human skulls

When the story of a Roman urchin after a girl's locking were turned homeward a goddess named Domiduca took him by the hand and guided him to the paternal roof.

The Greek were demons of fear. They were greatly reverenced by Greek women for it was generally believed that they did not like to see a woman too beautiful and sometimes changed a beauty into a fright.

The Chinese have a god for every disease. A god of the mumps, of the measles & the smallpox. There is a god for every ailment. There are gods of falling down and a god who keeps things from falling on the head.

## OUR GIRLS.

The new woman will draw the line at one thing. She will not insist upon a bald head of her own.—Chicago Post

By the time a woman has reached the age when she has reason to sigh and shed tears sighs and tears are no longer becoming to her.—Atchison Globe

Let's talk about the "old" woman awhile. She is good sight more interesting than the so-called "new woman" and deserves some attention.—Gloucester Times

One of the great questions of the day: "Will the new woman drink tea like a man, or will she continue to sip it with a spoon, after the fashion of a bird?"—Milwaukee Journal

Leaving the word "obey" out of the marriage ceremony is not likely to make the "new woman" either more or less obedient to her husband. The new woman, like the old, is not to obey her own impulses during family jars.—Boston Herald.

## TALMUDIC PROVERBS

While thy foot is shod, smash the thorns.

The sun will go down all by itself, without your assistance

The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears.

If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.

Descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step in choosing a friend.

When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he considers himself an honest man.

Liar shall not enter paradise—the scoffer the liar, the hypocrite and the slanderer. To slander is to murder.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The quickest morning star will spend 257 years in crossing an arc of the heavens not greater than the disk of the full moon

When an acrolite strikes our atmosphere its temperature is instantly raised to from 4,000,000 to 7,000,000 degrees. So says Professor Adams.

By the discovery of helium on our globe only two permanent lines are left in the chromospheric spectrum of the sun which do not come pared to lines obtained in terrestrial spectra.

Steam engine cylinders are now bored when heated up by steam at full pressure by one English firm of makers, as it is asserted that if bored while cold they are not accurately round when steam


# TEST AFTER TEST

DEMONSTRATES ITS TRUE WORTH.

**As a Household Remedy It Is Unsurpassed—It Acts Like a Charm. It Is Reliable.**

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

The day has come—the dawn of a new era has been passed. Medical science no longer gropes in the dark. Each succeeding day sees farther strides being made into that most mysterious of all fields, that of dealing with disease, and success is but a moment removed. New discoveries are being made daily and suffering humanity is reaping the benefit. One of the latest is the remedial agent, LIGHTNING HOT DROPS. It has been tested time and time again and in no instance has it proven aught but highly successful. Its merits were first accepted with faltering faith, now, since it has demonstrated and sustained its excellence, thousands of households keep it to the exclusion of nearly every other medicine. The long list of ailments and afflictions, with which it successfully combats, only serves to the more strongly intrench it in the hearts and faith of the public. These claims are not idle assertions, but in every instance are backed up by actual results experienced after a thorough and convincing test. A book of information on the uses to which LIGHTNING HOT DROPS have been successfully put will be mailed free on application to the Herb Medicine Co., of Springfield, O. Here is a long list of ailments that have succumbed to this marvelous remedy:

| | |
|---|---|
| Coughs, | Asthma, |
| LaGrippe, | Influenza, |
| Colds, | Bronchitis, |
| Pleurisy, | Pneumonia, |
| Catarrh, | Croup, |
| Cramps, | Colic, |
| Cholera Morbus, | Dysentery, |
| Diarrhoea, | Dyspepsia, |
| Indigestion, | Stomach and |
| Bowel Troubles, | Female Irregularities |
| Scalds, | Burns, |
| Bruises, | Cuts, |
| Neuralgia, | Earache, |
| Toothache, | and |
| Many | Other |

Afflictions have not only been relieved, but absolutely cured. This remedy, LIGHTNING HOT DROPS, stands today without a peer or parallel in the history of proprietary or medicinal agents of any kind whatsoever. We invite a trial, it will demonstrate its worth. Sold by all druggists. Fifty cents contains two and one-half times as much as 25¢ size.


## TOO MUCH RISK.

**He Concluded, After All, That He Wouldn't Do It.**

A rural looking old man walked into the office of one of the building and loan associations a few days ago and cautiously inquired for the secretary. When that gentleman was pointed out, the old man said, eying the clerks suspiciously, "I want to talk to you alone." Not understanding what information the visitor might have for him, the secretary led the way to the private office and bade the man be seated. The visitor sat on the edge of one of the chairs, and in a low voice inquired if the money of the association was safe. The secretary was still more at a loss to understand the man, but replied that it was perfectly safe.

"Ain't thar no chance for thieves a-gettin it?"

"Why, no chance whatever, sir! We keep our money in a safety vault."

"Waal, ain't thar danger of fire or explosions or sumthin o' that sort?"

"Not a bit more danger than is the case any place in the world. What makes you ask?"

"Waal, I've got some money, an I want to put it somewhar whar it'll be safe. They's so many ways o' losin money these days ther it ain't safe to have any at all. Ever since I got this money they's been fellers after me to buy all sorts o' things, but I ain't the feller to buy any o' these gold bricks!"

"Well, sir, the safest and the most profitable thing to do is to place your money in the Building and Loan association," and with an eye to a large investment the secretary went on to explain the merits of his own association. At the close of his glowing pictures of the money doubling and trebling in a few years the old man consented to take out some stock. He took off his boot and removed an old wallet from it. He held it tenderly as he looked cautiously at the secretary and said, "Now, you're sure it'll be safe here?"

The secretary assured him that it would, and the old man handed him the wallet, saying that he would "just leave the whole pile." The secretary opened the leather book, took out a roll of bills and began to count them, with visions of several thousand dollars more to add to the invested capital of the association. He finished the count, and to his amazement there was just $50, most of it in $1 bills. He was dumfounded, and stood looking at the old man in such a queer fashion that that person almost had a stroke of paralysis as he asked: "What's the matter. Ain't it all thar?"

The secretary by that time had recovered himself and assured his visitor that all was well. He then stepped into the office to make out a certificate of stock, with the old man close at his heels to prevent any possibility of his getting away with the money. Finally the certificate was written and duly signed. It was handed to the old man, who read it over, and then said:

"Waal, whar's my security?"

"That certificate of stock is your security," he was told.

"Yes, but that ain't nothin. Suppose in you fellows ain't honest, I'd lose my money."

"Well, of course, you trust to our honesty. Other men have thousands of dollars in here, and they trust us. Besides, you are one of the stockholders, and we are only working for you."

The old man looked perplexed, and for a minute he said nothing. The perspiration was standing in great drops on his forehead. Finally he said:

"Waal, if it's just the same with you, I'll not leave my money. It's took me nine Mirandy on to eight years to save that money, and she would never forgive me if I war to lose it. I'll jest take it back and hide it in the cellar, whar it's been so long. Goodby!"

The old man tucked his money back in his boot leg and departed. The secretary looked at his watch and saw that he had spent just 1½ hours of his valuable time with the visitor.—Indianapolis Journal.

**No Chance For the Lowly.**

"Say, cull, d'yer think dey'll ever navigate de air?"

"Gee, I hope not!"

"Why?"

"Ow de Gooze 'd yer ride on de trucks if dey did?"—Chicago Record.


# Larrowe's Country Buckwheat

KILN DRIED

WHICH IS ALL BUCKWHEAT, is the purest, dryest buckwheat flour possible to produce. Be sure to get *Larrowe's*; it's sure to be pure, clean, dry—the kind you used to get. Grown in the country, ground in the country, sent sealed to the country to you. Sold in 2, 5 and 10 lb. packages. If your dealer hasn't it, write to LARROWE MILLING CO., Limited, COHOCTON, N. Y.

# IF YOU WANT

COAL---Either hard or soft,
SALT---Fine or coarse,
CEMENT---Either Portland or Louisville,
PLASTER---The Knickerbocker,
Connellsville Crushed Coke.

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Gentlemen's Fine Laundry Work a Specialty. Office and Works 230 EAST CENTER ST.

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# Everyone

Can buy railroad tickets at cut rate of W. J. Wiant the Ticket Broker, in Wiant's Bookstore.

Phone 138.

Call box in store for hack and baggage line.

# Coal?

. . . . . Yep!

# Quality?

. . . Firstclass!

# Prices?

. . . . All right!

HALEY BROS?

. . . . You bet!

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The Real Estate Agent

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# WEDDING PRESENTS

See the dainty and artistic wedding offerings for sale by

100 WEST CENTER. **TURNEY.**


**Wounded Her Head.**

...nma Critchet met with a ...ut painful accident this after- ...she fell on the pavement op... Turner's grocery, on east Center ... and cut a deep gash in her fore...

...was taken to her home on Olney ... where Dr. Thomas was called ...dressed the wound.


DWELLING HOUSE TO RENT! Parlor, ...ompdining and sitting room, kitchen, ...athroom, cellar, brick, filtered ...water and four bedrooms J. S. REED.

FOR RENT—An eleven room house, the ...uestion in the city suitable for ...two families. All modern conveniences including city water. Possession ...Dec. Inquire of Mrs. S. H. Rupp, ...dressing parlors, 113 north State ... 276tf

FOR RENT—Four-room house in North Marion. Rent $5. Call at law office of A. H. Eastman. 276tf

FOR RENT—Seven rooms up stairs, over ...stove store. Only responsible ...need apply. Inquire at store or of S ... 2 6tf

FOR RENT—Suite of fine upstairs rooms, ...s, water, and water closet. In center ... 264tf G. S. McGUIRE, Agt.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A house on Ken... ...ton avenue, a house on State street ...house on Windsor street—at a bar... Call on G. H. Wright. 236-tf

FOR SALE—Good house and lot on south ...Main street, east side near Church ... For terms call at 217 south Main ... MRS. EVA D. BUNKER. ...2tw&p

FRONT ROOM—For rent, now occupied by ...Rice, No 115 south Main street. One ...other locations in the city. P. O. SHARPLESS.

WANTED—Ten mandolin scholars. Les...sons given at home. Call at H. Ackerman's or at W. C. Blagg, 247, south Prospect street. 275-e-t-f-p



# CRAZY

## To Move Again.

I Want to sell my property at the corner of Bellefontaine Avenue and Windsor street, and I want to sell it right away. 215 ft. front on Bellefontaine Avenue and 141 ft on Windsor; new, six-room house, summer kitchen, new filtered cistern. Valuable vacant corner lot. Good, healthy neighborhood. Two blocks from new brewery.

## If You Want An Ideal Home at a Bargain,

Call on or address me at once.

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Office 125 S. Prospect St., Telephone, 50. Marion, Ohio.

Diseases of the Eye and Ear. Spectacles Carefully Fitted.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL DISEASES OF WOMEN.

Office hours from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.


## DONE THE COLONEL

**A Sleek Man Fools Landlord Negley Ten Dollars' Worth.**

A little over a week ago a sleek-looking gentleman, assuming to be a traveling man, dropped into the New Kerr House late in the afternoon, registered and took supper. After the meal he paid his bill and announced his intention of leaving on the south bound Hocking train. Producing a claim check he asked for his overcoat, but the clerk found no coat with such a check attached, nor could a duplicate check be found. The porters and Bell boys were called up and assented to the claim of checking the coat, and so, failing to find the garment, the guest urged that it had been stolen and demanded settlement. Mr. Negley expressed a willingness to make it right and the fellow grew liberal and said he would accept $10. The price was paid and the fellow left

A few days later a traveling man Sundayed at Columbus with the traveler who lost his coat. At Columbus the sleek man told the story of how he had done Negley for ten, and of course the last comer gave Colonel Negley the laugh

There are those who say Col Negley swore when the truth dawned on him, but the STAR didn't hear him and can't positively say.

## PERSONAL.

Hon. D. D. Hare, of Upper Sandusky, is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Beale spent Sunday in this city.

J. F. McNeal returned Saturday from a business trip to Portsmouth

Harry Corbin, of Delaware, spent Sunday with friends in this city.

Lawrence Idleman, of Delaware, is in the city on a visit with relatives.

Mrs. E. J Paddock, of Delaware, spent Sunday and today with relatives in this city.

The Misses Eliza and Sue O'Donnell, of Springfield, are guests of friends in this city.

Stephen Stafford, of Chicago, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. Stafford, of Reed avenue.

Maurice Breen and Miss Maude Doty spent Sunday in Urbana, the guest of Miss Grace Mateland.

Rev. John Bischoff left for Cleveland today to attend the session of the Mission Board of the State of Ohio.

Fostoria Review, Saturday: Mrs. Shaw, of Marion, who has been the guest of Mrs Mart Adams, returned to her home today.

John G. Everhard, of Elyria, joined Mrs. Everhard here Saturday to make a visit with Mr and Mrs. Charles Turner on south State street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Anthony left Saturday for Cincinnati where they joined a party taking a special train to Atlanta, Ga., to attend the Laundrymen's National association and visit the exposition. They will be absent about ten days.

## RAILROAD NOTES

W. S. Morrison, agent of the C. and E. at Huntington, Ind., was in the city Sunday

Big Four earnings for the first week in October were $88.075, an increase of $392 The freight earnings decreased $13.701, and the passenger earnings increased $14.093

The C. H. V. and T. trains were compelled to pass over the Big Four between Delaware and Columbus this forenoon on account of a wreck between those two points. It was a freight wreck and blocked the road for several hours.

## SICK AND CONVALESCENT.

Mrs. Fred Utz is reported among those on the sick list.

Mrs J. C. Walters is confined to her home on account of a sprained ankle

**Messiah Chorus.**

Regular meeting tomorrow night at 7 p. m. prompt. Both ladies and gentlemen will meet there All those who intend to take part in the chorus should attend tomorrow night's meeting, as it is entirely necessary to complete all the arrangements for the chorus. Everybody cordially invited.

THE COMMITTEE.


# LEGAL BLANKS

Of the most approved farms, and all the leading blanks we make a specialty of Typewriter ribbons, carbons, paper, etc

C. G. WIANT, Bookseller and Stationer.


## BEATEN AND ROBBED

SAMMY POLLOCK BRUTALLY TREATED SATURDAY NIGHT.

**Colored Men are Accused of the Misdemeanor—Samuel Martin Is Arrested and Released, and Another Arrest Will Be Made—Police Court Notes.**

Saturday night Mrs. Rose Henry, of the west end of the city, appeared at the office of the mayor and made complaint that Mrs. Nettie Buskirk and Mr Waterman were residing as man wife in the west end of the city A warrant was issued for their arrest and they were brought up street and locked in cells at the city prison. The Henry woman seemed to be jealous of the Buskirk woman and was to appear against her this morning Sunday, however, Mrs. Henry agreed to withdraw the charges and Mrs. Buskirk and Mr. Waterman were released with good advice from the mayor

* *

Sunday afternoon Mrs. Benjamin Bill came up street in search of the mayor and tearfully asked for a warrant for the arrest of her husband, for abuse. It seemed that in the forenoon of that day Benjamin had given his wife an hour or so of entertainment, and the result was that her face was badly beaten and her eyes were swollen, while she had been severely kicked and pounded over the body. The woman said that her husband often came near killing her and that he did not care what he did. Benjamin was locked up, but was released until this evening when he is to be given a hearing. He is trying to compromise with his wife

* *

J. M. Davis, residing in the country, reports that he had two bushels of flour stolen from his wagon, on north Main street, Saturday afternoon.

* *

Sammy Pollock, the well-known sporting man, was the victim of a hold-up Saturday night between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock. According to the story told by Sammy he was somewhat indisposed, that is, he had looked upon the wine when it was a vermillion more than once during the evening and at about the time mentioned visited the home of Lew Robinson to have Lewis do some work for him. At that time the colored population were enjoying a little hop at the Robinson home, on north Main street. When Sammy left the house four colored men followed him and one struck him in the head, another jumped on his breast, while another kicked him and the fourth man went through his pockets, taking his money and watch. He says he had eight or nine dollars in his pockets.

Afterwards a small colored boy who was at the dance said that he heard four colored men up stairs making up a scheme to rob Pollock. They mentioned that there was a man with pretty good clothes and he ought to have some money about him, and that they would knock him over and take what he had Sunday morning the police went to the depot with the colored boy and he pointed out Samuel Martin, who he alleged was one of the four. Samuel was taken up street and locked up. It is claimed by the friends of Samuel that he could not be guilty. That he was dancing at the time that Pollock left the room, and never once stopped until the dance was over. He was held until this morning.

Martin has since been dismissed but Emory Casseldine, whom it is alleged did the robbing, has been arrested at Upper Sandusky, and Marshal Blain expects to leave for that place this evening and bring the man back here. It is believed that there is evidence enough against him to send him over the road.

* *

Ed Hughes was locked up at the city prison Sunday night. Ed took a mackintosh from a nail in Jacob Weber's saloon Sunday and started to run with it They gave chase and he threw the coat over the fence. In the evening Hughes appeared at the city prison and at the invitation of Officer Clappsaddle stepped into one of the cells and was locked up. He is to be given a hearing this evening at 7 o'clock.

* *

One common drunk was locked up Saturday night. He had one eye closed and had evidently been in a fight. He was given the usual assessment and was released.

**A Sister of Mr. Olney.**

Mr. J. L. Olney, of Ottawa, Ohio, and his son, C. F. Olney, of Chicago, were in Marion today, enroute from Ottawa to Delaware, accompanying the remains of Mrs Mary L. Godwin, who died at the home of the first named in Ottawa. During their short stay here they were guests of Benjamin Olney, of south State street, who, with his daughter, accompanied the funeral party to Delaware this forenoon.

Mrs. Godwin, the deceased, was the oldest sister of J. L. Olney and Benjamin Olney, of this city, and had attained the age of 81 years. Her death leaves the two brothers mentioned as the only survivors of the family circle.


**That Joyful Feeling**

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.


**LaRue Fair.**

Excursion rates via Big Four. Tickets on sale Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18, good returning Oct. 19.

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Receipt book free. Send stamp and address Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York.


## THE COURT COLUMN.

JUDGE NORRIS HELD COURT SATURDAY AFTERNOON

**The Important Case of Neil Nicolson McNeil Against Elisha Brightman Durfee Decided—Other Matters Taken Up. Pleadings Filed.**

Judge Norris held court Saturday afternoon from 3 o'clock on to supper time and the docket was gone entirely over. All jury and most other cases were postponed until the next term of court which convenes on the 28 inst., excepting the cases in which J. F. McNeil & Sons are interested, which were passed with the exception of the case of McNeal against Durfee, the senior member of the firm being out of the city.

In the case of Horace B. Smith against the Board of Commissioners of Marion county, Ohio, L. B. McNeal, administrator, was made a party. The case of Harmon against Magee was settled. Marshal Markey and F. E Guthery, administrators, were substituted as plaintiffs in the case of John Markey against Taylor Clark and others, with leave to file an amended petition.

The case of Geo. A. Richman against Mary J. Pettit and others was dismissed and costs paid, In the case of Geo. H. May against Ollie Kellogg and others the appraisement was set aside and a new order paid, the property having been offered twice without being sold

The matter of the State of Ohio on complaint of Thomas Markey against Timothy Sullivan was dismissed at the cost of the plaintiff. In the matter of Abel Martin against John A. Vougt and others, leave was given the defendants to answer the amended petition of plaintiff by October 26.

In the matter of the State of Ohio on complaint of Elias Bean against Gifford DeLong and Arvilla DeLong, the demurrer to the writ of habeas corpus was sustained.

The case of John G. Ruth against Simeon B. Rice and others then came up on demurrer to the amended petition. This came out of a trial in a justice's court of the right of property

The court in rendering its decision recited the fact that the law says that the jury shall find the value of the property in question. This the jury neglected to do and so a bond for twice the value of the stock could not be given but a bond for more than twice the value of the stock was given to the sheriff.

The law says that the sheriff shall offer the bond to complainant, for he might be willing to receive it. It is not a matter for the sheriff to judge The sheriff did not offer the bond to complainant as required by law, and the court overruled the demurrer, which was excepted to. Leave to answer by October 26 was given and the case continued.

The case of V. T. Hills & Co. against Julia A. Morrow was settled and costs paid. A judgment by default was taken in the case of the Aultman Miller company against George Markey and others. In the case of Anna Feaster against Louisa Reece and others leave was given to plaintiff to file answer, instanter, to the cross petition of L. B Anthony and the sale of the property was confirmed and deed ordered, with leave to J. Lamb to file cross petition, instanter.

In the matter of D. R. Crissinger, guardian, against John Cull and others, the sale of one tract of land was confirmed and deed ordered and an order made for the sale of the second tract and the case continued. The matter J. N. Oswald against Elmer E. Smith and others next came and the sale was confirmed, a deed ordered and an order of distribution of proceeds made. Leave was given the plaintiff to file an amended petition, instanter, in the case of Grosscup against the N. Y., P. and O. Ry. company. In the case of Search against Anselment for dower, the demurrer to the answer was overruled and leave to reply by October 26 given. The demurrer to the petition in the case of the State of Ohio on relation of Sanford E. Selby against Carlos J. Nichols and others was sustained and leave given to amend by Oct. 26 given and the case continued. It is not probable, so Mr. Copeland stated, that he will file an amended petition but he will probably bring the case against other parties.

Twenty-five dollars alimony pending suit was allowed to the defendant in the divorce of Findling against Findling and leave to file an amended petition, instanter, was granted in the divorce case of Boblenz against Boblenz.

In the matter of Neil Nicholson McNeil against Elisha Brightman Durfee, Judge Norris rendered his decision, his opinion covering some forty typewritten pages and showed much original research into the questions involved.

The action was one brought by the plaintiff, the husband of Alice Durfee McNeil against Elisha Brightman Durfee, the latter two being the heirs of Bradford R Durfee, deceased, and involved the construction of "Item 20" of the will of the latter which reads as follows:

"Item 20. I give and bequeath all the balance of my estate after defraying expenses to be divided equally between my wife, Pauline M. Durfee, Elisha Brightman Durfee and the child with which my wife is now encient, share and share alike, and to their heirs forever and should the child with which my wife is encient not be born alive or should either die without heirs capable of inheriting all such one's share and legacies under this will shall revert to the survivor"

The plaintiff claimed that under this clause Mrs McNeil, nee Durfee, took the title to the property in fee simple, absolute, and the defendant claimed that she took the title to the property in fee simple, defeasible, in the event of her dying without children with an executory devise over to the defendant surviving her, and, that event having happened, the property has inured to him under the provisions of said will, which latter construction Judge Norris gave to the will and held contrary to the claim of the plaintiff, that this court had jurisdiction to order the plaintiff to make conveyance to the defendant of several hundred acres of land in the states of Illinois and Nebraska, conveying to the defendant all the apparent interest of the plaintiff therein and to perpetually enjoin the plaintiff from maintaining suits in these other states concerning the same and from making any claim thereto.

The court also decided that it had jurisdiction to compel the plaintiff to assign, cancel and give up notes and securities that represented the personal estate of the testatrix and it was so ordered.

The case involved more difficult and intricate points than any case ever before this court, as the petition contained eighty-seven pages of closely typewritten matter, the answer 184 pages and the reply seven pages. The amount of labor involved in making a decision may be imagined from the above.

The decision was clear and forceful, analyzing decisions on the subject by the courts of several states and of England, notable among which was the celebrated decision of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords in the case of Thorndyke against Thorndyke.

Exceptions were taken by the attorneys for the plaintiff, J. F. McNeal & Sons, and notice of appeal was given. The defendant was represented by Scofield, Durfee & Scofield

In the case of Anna Feaster against Louisa Reece and others, Jerry Minam, by his attorney, H. N. Quigley, this morning, filed an answer and cross-petition in which he sets up an account against decedent in the sum of $91 18 for which he asks judgment.

Leonard Fetter, by his attorney, J. A Wolford, this morning filed a petition in partition against Mary A. Lust and others.

The petitioner represents that he has a legal right to and is seized in fee simple as a son of Anna Elizabeth Fetter, deceased, of the undivided one-seventh part of three-fifths of an acre in the city of Marion, that all the defendants named in the petition are tenants in common with him

Plaintiff prays that his interest may be set off to him in severalty, that partition may be made, or, if that is impossible without manifest injury, that such proceedings may be had as are authorized by law.

In the matter of the State of Ohio against John Morrison and James McPhair, charged with robbery, both were admitted to bail in the sum of $500 each, Saturday afternoon, P. Kelly and M. Clary acting as bondsmen.

James Irwin, by his attorneys, Scofield, Durfee & Scofield, today filed in the circuit court, a petition in error in the case of Markey against Crossen and others.

Judge Norris convened court at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon and adjourned court until next Saturday

**Probate Court Calendar.**

Mary A. Fetter, administratrix of the estate of George Fetter, Jr., deceased filed sixth account. Hearing December 3, 1895.

Jacob Blaich, executor of the will of Margaret Hetler, deceased, filed report of final distribution. Report approved.

Geo. D. Copeland, executor of the will of Eliza Kenyon, deceased, filed an inventory and appraisement of personal property.

Isaac A. Merchant appointed guardian of the person and property of George Riffel, an insane person.

Geo. D. Copeland, administrator of James King, guardian of James Snyder et al., filed final account. Hearing December 3, 1895.


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See our new line of ladies' wrappers, latest fall and winter styles, from 75c to $1.50

Ladies' fascinator squares 25c and 50c

Men's, women's and children's wool hose, best qualities and lowest prices

Ladies' and children's fleece lined hose, best and cheapest in the city.

Headquarters for ribbons, laces and handkerchiefs

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## W. G. WINNEK--

Has removed to second floor, corner East Center and State Streets, opposite Hotel Marion, where he is now prepared for the Fall and Winter trade, with specially selected styles for merchant tailors of all the latest novelties adapted to the prevailing fashions, for gentlemen's business and dress suits, overcoats and trousers. All garments made by Winnek are unsurpassed in cut, style and finish.



# AT LAST!

The people have found out where to buy LAMPS, and buy them right. They have inspected our stock, learned our prices, and now they come in goodly numbers to purchase.

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# A SET OF ROGUES

BY FRANK BARRETT.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV

We reached Alicante the 14th March, after a long, tedious voyage. During this time I had ample opportunity for observing Moll, but with little relief to my gloomy apprehensions. She rarely quitted her father's side, being now as sympathetic and considerate of him in his sufferings as before she had been thoughtless and indifferent. She had ever a gentle word of encouragement for him; she was ever kind and patient. Only once her spirit seemed to waver. That was when we had been beating about in the bay of Cadiz four days for a favorable gale to take us through the straits. We were on deck, she and I, the sails flapping the masts idly above our heads.

"Oh," says she, laying her hand on my shoulder and her wasted cheek against my arm, "oh, that it were all ended!"

She was sweeter with me than ever she had been before, it seemed as if the love bred in her heart by marriage must expend itself upon some one. But though this tenderness endeared her more to me it saddened me, and I would have had her at her tricks once more, making mouths at my expense. For I began to see that our happiness comes from within and not from without, and so fell despairing that ever this poor stricken heart of hers would be healed, which set me a-repenting more sincerely than ever the mischief I had helped to do her.

As no such entertainments were to be had, this being the season of Lent, which is observed very strictly in these parts, Dawson contented himself with taking Moll out to visit the shops, and here he speedily purchased a pair of clappers for her, a tambour for himself and a guitar for me, though we were difficult to please, for no clappers pleased Moll as those she had first bought, and it did seem to me that I could strike no notes out of any instrument but they had a sad, mournful tone.

Then nothing would satisfy him but to go from one draper's to another, seeking a short skirt, a waistcloth and a round hat to Moll's taste, which ended to his disappointment, for she could find none like the old.

"Why, don't you like this?" he would say, holding up a gown. "To my eyes 'tis the very image of Esther, only fresher."

And she, demurring, whispers, "To-morrow, dear, to-morrow," with plaintive entreaty for delay in her wistful eyes.

Disheartened, but not yet at the end of his resources, her father at last proposed that she should take a turn through the town alone and choose for herself. "For," says he, "I believe we do rather hinder than help you with our advice in such matters."

After a moment's reflection Moll agreed to this, and, saying she would meet us at the posada for supper, left us, and walked briskly back the way we had come.

When she was gone, Dawson had never a word to say, nor I either, for dejection; yet, had I been questioned, I could have found no better reason for my despondency than that I felt 'twas all a mistake coming here for happiness.

Strolling aimlessly through the narrow back ways, we came presently to the market that stands against the port. And here, almost at the first step, Dawson catches my arm and nods toward the opposite side of the market place. Some Moors were seated there in their white clothes, with bundles of young palm leaves plaited up in various forms of crowns, crosses and the like—which the people of this country do carry to church to be blessed on Palm Sunday—and these Moors I knew came from Elche, because palms grow now here else in such abundance.

"Yes," says I, thinking 'twas this queer merchandise he would point out, "I noticed these Moors and their wares when we passed here a little while back with Moll."

"Don't you see her there now—at the corner?" asks he.

Then, to my surprise, I perceived Moll in very earnest conversation with two Moors, who had at first attention her from my sight.

"Come away," continues he, "she left us to go back and speak to them and would not have us know."

Why should she be secret about this trifling matter? I asked myself. 'Twas quite natural that if she recognized in these Moors some old acquaintance of Elche she should desire to speak them.

We stole away to the port, and seating ourselves upon some timber there we looked upon the sea high upon half an hour without saying a word. Then, turning to me, Dawson says: "Unless she speak to us upon this matter, Kit, we will say naught to her. But if she say nothing I shall take it for a sign her heart is set upon going back to Elche, and she would have it a secret that we may not be disheartened in our other project."

"That is likely enough," says I, not a little surprised by his reasoning. But love sharpens a man's wit, be it never so dull.

About 6 the next morning I was awoke by the door bursting suddenly open, and starting up in my bed I see Dawson at my side shaking in every limb and his eyes wide with terror.

"Moll's gone!" cries he and falls a-blubbering.

"Gone!" says I, springing out of bed. "'Tis not possible."

"She has not lain in her bed, and one saw her go forth last night as the doors were closing, knowing her for a foreigner by her head." "Come with me," adds I, throwing a cloak over my shoulders. "Let us go about."

"Ay, I'll go with ye, Jack, but whither?"

"Down to the sea," says he hoarsely.

I stopped at the top of the descending path, for this fearful fear overcame me strongly. The thought, I never considered to me that she might go away with herself. Yet now, reflecting on her strange manner of late, especially her parting with us overnight, it seemed not impossible neither. For her, sure, the folly of our coming further, deluding of any happiness in the end, was too apparent. Any way of escape but that was burdensome to herself and a constant sorrow to us. Nay, with her notions of poetic justice drawn from books she may have regarded this as the only atonement she could make her husband, the only means of giving him back freedom to make a happier choice in marriage. With these conclusions taking shape I shuddered on my father and then with shaking fear, we two hanging to each other's arms for strength, made our way through the crooked streets to the sea, and there, seeing a group of men and women gathered at the water's edge some little distance from us, we dared not go further, conceiving 'twas a dead body they were regarding. But 'twas only a company of fishers discussing their haul of fishes, as we presently perceived. So, somewhat cheered, we took courage to the right and left and, seeing nothing to justify our fears, advanced along the coast to the very end where it juts out into the sea, with great stones around to break the surf.

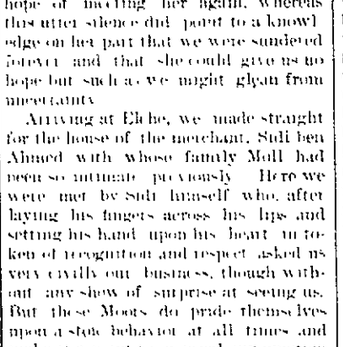
Here then with deadly apprehensions we peered among the rocks, holding our breath, clutching tight hold of one another by the hand, in terror of finding that we so eagerly searched—a hood, a woman's skirt clinging to the stones, a stiffened hand thrust up from the lapping waters. Never may I forget the sickening horror of the moment when, creeping out amid the rocks, Dawson twitches my hand and points down through the clear water to something lying white at the bottom. It looked for all the world like a dead face, colored a greenish white by the water, but presently we saw, by one end curling over in the swell of a wave, that 'twas only a rag of paper.

Then I persuaded Dawson to give up this horrid search and return to our posada, when, if we found not Moll, we might more justly conclude she had gone to Elche than put an end to her life, and though we could learn nothing of her at our inn more than Dawson had already told me, yet our hopes were strengthened in the probability of finding her at Elche by recollecting her earnest, secret conversation with the Moors, who might certainly have returned to Elche in the night, they preferring that time for their journey, as we knew. So, having hastily snatched a repast, while our landlord was procuring mules for our use, we set off across the plain doing our best to cheer each other on the way. But I confess one thing damped my spirits exceedingly, and that was, having no hint from Moll the night before of this project, which then must have been fully matured in her mind, not any written word of explanation and encouragement. For, thinks I, she being no longer a giddy, heedless child, ready to play any prank without regard to the consequences, but a very considerate, remorseful woman would not put us to this anxiety without cause. Had she resolved to go to her friends at Elche, she would, at least, have comforted us with the hope of meeting her again, whereas this utter silence did point to a knowledge on her part that we were sundered forever and that she could give us no hope but such as we might glean from mere fancy.

Arriving at Elche, we made straight for the house of the merchant, Sidi ben Ahmed, with whose family Moll had been so intimate previously. Here we were met by Sidi himself, who, after laying his fingers across his lips and setting his hand upon his heart in token of recognition and respect, asked us very civilly our business, though without any show of surprise at seeing us. But these Moors do pride themselves upon a stoic behavior at all times and make it a point to conceal any emotion they may feel so that men never can truly judge of their feelings.

It occurred to us that if Moll were still living she had either returned to England or gone to Don Sanchez at Toledo, whose wise counsels she had ever held in high respect. The former supposition seemed to me the better grounded, for it was easy to understand how, yearning for him night and day she should at length abandon every scruple and throw herself at his feet, reckless of what might follow.

'Twas not inconsistent with her impulsive character, and that more reasonable view of life she had gained by experience and the long reflections on her voyage hither. And that which supported my belief still more was that a fleet of four sail (as I learned) had set forth for England the morning after our arrival. So now, finding, on inquiry, that a carrier was to set out for Toledo that afternoon, I wrote a letter to Don Sanchez, telling him the circumstances of our loss and begging him to let us



*Dawson points to something at the bottom.*

know, as speedily as possible, if he had heard aught of Moll. And in this letter I enclosed a second addressed to Mr Godwin, having the same purport, which I prayed Don Sanchez to send on with all expedition, if Moll were not with him.

And now, having dispatched these letters, we had nothing to do but to await a reply, which, at the earliest, we could not expect to get before the end of the week, Toledo being a good 80 English leagues distant.

We waited in Alicante four days more, making seven in all from the day we lost Moll, and then, the suspense and torment of inactivity becoming insupportable, we set out again for Elche, the conviction growing strong upon us, with reflection, that we had little to hope from Don Sanchez.

Well, then, we went about our search in Elche with all the slyness possible, paying here and there like a couple of thieves a-robbing a henroost and putting cross questions to every simple fellow we met—the best we could with our small knowledge of their tongue—but all to no purpose, and so another day was wasted. We lay under the palms that night, and in the morning began our perquisition afresh, now hunting up and down the narrow lanes and alleys of the town, as we had scoured those of Alicante, in vain, until, persuaded of the uselessness of our quest, we agreed to return to Alicante, in the hope of finding there a letter from Don Sanchez. But ere to leave a single stone unturned we settled we would call once again on Sidi ben Ahmed and ask if he had any tidings to give us, but openly feeling we were no match for him at subterfuge. So to his house we went, where we were received very graciously by the old merchant, who, chiding us gently for being in the neighborhood a whole day without giving him a call, prayed us to enter his unworthy parlor, adding that we should find there a friend who would be very pleased to see us.

At this my heart bounded to such an extent that I could utter never a word (nor could Dawson either), for I expected nothing less than to find this friend was our dear Moll, and so, silent and shaking with feverish anticipation, we followed him down the tiled passage and round the inner garden of his house by the arcade till we reached a doorway, and there, lifting aside the heavy hangings, he bade us enter. We pushed by him in rude haste, and then stopped of a sudden, in blank amazement, for, in place of Moll, whom we fully thought to find, we discovered only Don Sanchez, sitting on some pillows and smoking a Moorish chibouk.

"My daughter—my Moll!" cries Dawson in despair. "Where is she?"

"By this time," replies Don Sanchez, rising, "your daughter should be in Barbary."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"Barbary—Barbary!" gasps Dawson, thunderstruck by this discovery. "My Moll in Barbary?"

"She sailed three days ago," says the don, laying down his pipe and rising.

Dawson regards him for a moment or two in a kind of stupor, and then, his ideas taking definite shape, he cries in a fury of passion and clinching his fists:

"Spanish dog! You shall answer this. And you," turning in fury upon Sidi, "you—I know your cursed traffic—you've sold her to the Turk!"

"Tell me, senor," says I, "who hath kidnaped poor Moll?"

"Nobody. She went of her free will, knowing full well the risk she ran—the possible end of her noble adventure—against the dissuasions and the prayers of all her friends here. She stood in the doorway there and saw you across the garden when you first came to seek her—saw you, her father, distracted with grief and fear, and she suffered you to go away. As you may know, nothing is more sacred to a Moor than the laws of hospitality, and by those laws Sidi was bound to respect the wishes of one who had claimed his protection. He could not betray her secret, but he and his family did their utmost to persuade her from her purpose. While you were yet in the town they implored her to let them call you back, and she refused. Failing in their entreaties, they dispatched a messenger to me. Alas! when I arrived she was gone. She went with a company of merchants bound for Algiers, and all that her friends here could do was to provide her with a servant and letters which will insure her safe conduct to Thadxir."

"But why has she gone there, senor?" says I, having heard him in a maze of wonderment to the end.

"Cannot you guess? Surely she must have given you some hint of her purposes, for 'twas in her mind, as I learn, when she agreed to leave England and come hither."

Nothing—we know nothing," falters Dawson. "'Tis all mystery and darkness. Only we did suppose to find happiness a-wandering about the country, dancing and idling, as we did be-

"That dream was never hers," answers the don. "She never thought to find happiness in idling pleasure. 'Tis the joy of martyrdom she's gone to find, seeking redemption in self sacrifice."

"Be more explicit, sir, I pray," says I.

"In a word, then, she has gone to offer herself as a ransom for the real Judith Godwin."

We were overwrought for great astonishment. Indeed my chief surprise was that I had not foreseen this event in Moll's desire to return to Elche or but upon the truth in seeking an explanation of her disappearance. 'Twas of a piece with her natural romantic disposition and her newly awaked sense of poetic justice, for here at one stroke she makes all human atonement for her fault and ours—earning her husband's forgiveness by this proof, dearest love, and winning back forever an honored place in his remembrance. And I bethought me of our Lord's saying that greater love is there none than this—that one shall lay down his life for another.

For some time Dawson stood silent, his arms folded upon his breast and his head bent in meditation, his lips pressed together and every muscle in his face contracted with pain and laboring thought. Then, raising his head and fixing his eyes on the don, he says:

"If I understand aright, my Moll hath gone to give herself up for a slave in the place of her whose name she took."

The don assents with a grave inclination of his head, and Dawson continues:

"I ask your pardon for that injustice I did you in my passion, but now that I am cool I cannot hold you blameless for what has befallen my poor child, and I call upon you as a man of honor to repair the wrong you've done me."

Again the don bows very gravely and then asks what we would have him do.

"I ask you," says Dawson, "as we have no means for such an expedition, to send me across the sea there to my Moll."

"I cannot insure your return," says the don, "and I warn you that once in Barbary you may never leave it."

"I do not want to return if she is there. Nay," adds he, "if I may move them to any mercy, they shall do what they will with this body of mine, so that they suffer my child to be free."

The don turns to Sidi and tells him what Dawson has offered to do, whereupon the Moor lays his finger across his lips, then his hand on Dawson's breast and afterward upon his own, with a reverence, to show his respect. And so he and the don fall to discussing the feasibility of this project, as I discovered by picking up a word here and there, and, this ended, the don turns to Dawson and tells him there is no vessel to convey him at present, wherefore he must of force wait patiently till one comes in from Barbary.

"But," says he, "we may expect one in a few days, and be assured that your wish shall be gratified if it is possible."

We went down, Dawson and I, to the sea that afternoon, and sitting on the shore at that point where we had formerly embarked aboard the Algerine galley we scanned the waters for a sail that might be coming hither, and Dawson with the eagerness of one who looked to escape from slavery rather than one seeking it.

As we sat watching that sea he fell a-regretting he had no especial gift of nature by which he might more readily purchase Moll's freedom of her captors.

"However," says he, "if I can show 'em the use of chairs and benches, for lack of which they are now compelled, as we see, to squat on mats and benches, I may do pretty well with Turks of the better sort who can afford luxuries and so in time gain my end."

"You shall teach me this business, Jack," says I, "for at present I'm more helpless than you."

"Kit," says he, laying hold of my hand, "let us have no misunderstanding on this matter. You go not to Barbary with me."

"What!" cries I, protesting. "You would have the heart to break from me after we have shared good and ill fortune together like two brothers all these years?"

"God knows we shall part with sore hearts o' both sides, and I shall miss you sadly enough, with no Christian to speak to out there. But 'tis not of ourselves we must think now. Some one must be here to be a father to my Moll when she returns, and I'll trust Don Sanchez no farther than I can see him, for all his wisdom. So, as you love the dear girl, you will stay here, Kit, to be her watch and ward, and as you love me you will spare me any further discussion on this head. For I am resolved."

I would say nothing then to contrary him, but my judgment and feeling both revolted against his decision. For, thinks I, if one Christian is worth but a groat to the Turk, two must be worth eightpence; therefore we together stand a better chance of buying Moll's freedom than either singly. And, for my own happiness, I would easier be a slave in Barbary with Jack than free elsewhere and friendless. Now here can a man be free from toil and pain of some sort or another, and there is no such solace in the world for one's discomforts as the company of a true man.

But I was not regardless of Moll's welfare when she returned neither. For I argued with myself that Mr. Godwin had but to know of her condition to find means of coming hither for her succor. So the next time I met Don Sanchez I took him aside and told him of my concern, asking him the speediest manner of sending a letter to England (that I had inclosed in mine to the don having missed him through his leaving Toledo before it arrived).

"There is no occasion to write," says he. "For the moment I learned your history from Sidi I sent a letter apprising him of his wife's innocence in this business and the noble reparation she had made for the fault of others; also I took the liberty to inclose a sum of money to meet his requirements, and I'll answer for it he is now on his way hither. For no man living could be dull to the charms of his wife or bear resentment to her for an act that was prompted by love rather than avarice and with no calculation on her part."

This cheered me considerably and did somewhat return my faith in Don Sanchez, who certainly was the most extraordinary gentlemanly rascal that ever lived.

Day after day Dawson and I went down to the sea, and on the fifth day of our watching (after many false hopes and disappointments) we spied a ship, which we knew to be of the Algerine sort by the cross set of its lateen sails—making it to look like some great bird with spread wings on the water—bearing down upon the shore.

We watched the approach of this ship with feverish joy and expectation, for though we dared not breathe our hopes one to another we both thought that maybe Moll was there. And this was not impossible. For, supposing Judith was married happily, she would refuse to leave her husband, and her mother, having lived so long in that country, might not care to leave it now and quit her daughter, so might they refuse their ransom and Moll be sent back to us. And besides this reasoning we had that changing belief of the unfortunate that some unforeseen accident might turn to our advantage and overthrow our fears.

The Algerine came nearer and nearer until at length we could make out certain figures moving upon the deck, then Dawson, laying a trembling hand on my sleeve, asked if I did not think 'twas a woman standing in the fore part, but I couldn't truly answer yes, which vexed him.

But, indeed, when the galley was close enough to drop anchor, being at some distance from the shore because of the shoals, I could not distinguish any woman and my heart sank, for I began

*Day after day Dawson and I went down to the sea.*

well that if Moll were there she, seeing us, would have given us some signal of waving a handkerchief or the like. As soon as the anchor was cast a boat was being lowered, and being manned drew in toward us; then truly we perceived a bent figure sitting idle in the stern, but even Dawson dared not venture to think it might be Moll.

The boat running on a shallow, a couple of Moors stepped into the water, and lifting the figure in their arms carried it ashore to where we stood. And now we perceived 'twas a woman muffled up in the Moorish fashion, a little, wizened old creature, who, casting back her head clothes, showed us a wrinkled face, very pale and worn with care and age. Regarding us, she says in plain English:

"You are my countrymen. Is one of you named Dawson?"

"My name is Dawson," says Jack.

She takes his hand in hers, and holding it in hers looks in his face with great pity, and then at last as if loath to tell the news she sees he fears to hear, she says:

"I am Anne Godwin."

What need of more to let us know that Moll had paid her ransom?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TACTFULNESS OF JOURNALISM.

### How the Society Reporter Got Ahead of the Other Fellow.

She was what is called "quite a bright woman." In the New York vernacular this term applies to any woman of sense below the age of 30, after which they are called "brainy" and don't seem to like it.

Her appearance was such that even society reporters merely described her as possessing "an attractive personality." This is a significant fact. The society reporter is never rude. If you are a million aire's daughter and of average looks, he will describe you as "beautiful and possessed of indescribable chic."

If you have a few thousands and dress well—even though you have no eyelashes and a slab sided figure—the society reporter will still be kind and allude to you as "a young woman of considerable personal attractions."

It is only when he describes you as "interesting rather than strictly beautiful" that you may realize that probably your nose is all out of drawing, your eyes watery, and that what there is of your hair is the wrong color. In short, this last expression is the worst that the society reporter can do to you—if you are in society.

And if you are not in society—well, then, he wouldn't know even who you are, don't you know.

The society reporter had not yet applied this final damning descriptive term to her of whom I write, because she had not yet become "brainy," and—more important still—she was not poor.

She smiled upon a young man, and, although her smile was about two inches too long and too toothy to be pretty, he decided to woo her. He had been told that she was "bright." So he decided to woo her as a bright woman should be wooed in his opinion.

"I will not insult your preternatural intelligence," he began, "by telling you that you are beautiful. You are too clever to swallow that sort of humbug. Besides beauty is not what I am after. It is transient and unsatisfying. But you have a mind. One cannot expect to find mind and beauty combined"—

But at this point the young lady said, "Take me back to my chaperon." And the local temperature went down to freezing point.

Now this happened at a function.

A "function" is a meeting of people held in large houses for the promotion of employment among dressmakers, florists and society reporters. At this particular function the society reporter, having been at several other functions and having sipped claret punch and champagne frappe at each had accumulated what in lower circles is known as "a pretty considerable jag." Therefore in reporting this function he got his terms mixed.

The next morning on reading the morning paper Mrs. Golde-Dollar, the millionaire's wife, found herself described as "interesting rather than strictly beautiful," while she of whom I write read for the first time that she was "beautiful and possessed of indescribable chic."

The society reporter was denied entrance at Mrs Golde Dollar's next function. And when the young man—who thought that bright women should be wooed differently from other women—saw the marriage of the bright woman and the society reporter in the paper he wondered how on earth the other fellow had got ahead of him.—Jessie M. Wood in Life.

### Married a Foreigner.

"So old Brown is married at last?"

"Yes, and a foreigner, I heard."

"A foreigner? No, an English lady."

"Oh, I heard as how she was a Tartar."—London Judy.

## A STATELY OLD MANSION.

### The Home of Sarah Orne Jewett, the Novelist, at Berwick, Me.

I wonder if there is another such house in New England as the home of Sarah Orne Jewett, says a writer in the Boston Herald. I have seen many stately mansions that go back to the days before the Revolution—one in particular where General Gage was quartered in old Danvers, a town which is hulked by witch tunnels to Berwick, and one with gambrel roof upon which a good dame and her cronies climbed to be out of reach of husbandly authority while they drank tea forbidden to patriots until the tax was removed—but I have never seen a living place at once so modern and so reminiscent of 1720 or days younger still. In its great rooms filled with old mahogany and warmed by huge tiled fireplaces it would be easy to forget that the gundalows, with their high peaked sails like great birds' wings, do not yet sail down the river from the landing wharves in fleets of tens and twenties to Portsmouth, with their loads of pine planks and boards to be exchanged for East Indian rum, tobacco and molasses or for Russian iron, duck or cordage, or for such priceless old glass and silver and china as came from unknown ports and now peep out wonderingly upon nineteenth century cushions and pictures and bric a brac from their deep set cupboards and shelves.

"I found these things here," Miss Jewett says, "and I hope to leave them when I go into the unknown." If one had one's choice of ancestors, it would be impossible to pick out better than those who chose the elaborate cornices, all carved by hand with infinite pains, and the high paneling of the parlors, and the broad window sills, and the flowered wall paper, still bright and fresh, though of a pattern on which Marie Antoinette might have set the seal of her approval when she fitted up the little Trianon.

### An Ohio Father's Baby.

"My wife received a sample bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. For four months she hardly took her clothes off baby cried so. The sample of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure worked like magic. I went right to the drug store and bought a 25c bottle and a bottle of Dr. Hand's Pleasant Physic, and we are truly grateful that such relief has come to baby and to us."—Respectfully, Geo. M. Vaught, Delaware Ohio.

### No Chance for the Last Word.

The conversation had drifted to deathbed scenes and a funeral air pervaded the dining room.

"Yes," said Mrs. Skraggs solemnly in answer to a question, "I was present when my poor husband breathed his last."

The man with the barbed wire beard gulped down a sob and a large portion of baked tomato.

"And what"—

The man with the V shaped nose had sympathetic tears in his tones, somewhat mixed, however, with mashed potatoes.

—"were his last words?"

Mrs. Skraggs glanced disdainfully across the table.

"I said, Mr. Blinkins, that I was present when my husband breathed his last, sir."

The silence which followed could have been cut with a knife had not the boarders preferred using that table utensil on their alleged roast beef.—New York World.

### Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery, it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Flocken's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

## THE PIRATE.

I was a bloody pirate once, full many years ago,
Though you but see my piety may scarce believe it so.
I've shot and butchered countless scores of helpless citizens,
And hung their sighing mothers high upon the crossest limbs.
Their fathers fighting to the last I've forced into the seas—
Ah, there is naught by evil wrought but has been done by me.
All this took place in that far time when I was still a boy.
Yet even now, when I think how, with what bloodthirsty joy,
I scoured the wilds of Washburn's pond for merchant ships to burn,
I'd give a score of years—nay, more—to be allowed to turn
The faded leaves of time's old book back where they were that night
When father's slipper settled my clipper and put my crew to flight.
—Chicago Times Herald.

### Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. B. Foye, druggist Marion O.

### The Latest.

Customer (in a restaurant)—Bring one Welsh rabbit and an order of pig's feet.

Waiter (through slide)—One Taffy on a doorstep, one Trilby from the rooter!—New York World.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by Flocken.

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The forthcoming reminiscences of Mary Anderson's life on the stage and her impressions through her professional career will be eagerly read. They should be read by all stagestruck girls and women. If a woman of "our Mary's" genius, and one who achieved the success before the footlights that she did can declare, as she does, that the day when she voluntarily turned her back upon it all and left the stage forever was the happiest she had seen since she can the boards after other women's—New York Times.

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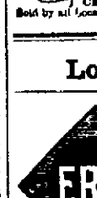

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## Local Time Card.

### Erie Lines

ERIE LINES

For New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St Louis.

Get Time Tables and full information from M. B. DICKERSON, Agt., Marion, O.

### N. Y., L. E. AND W.

[In effect June 9, '95.]

CITY DEPOT.

| WEST. | | EAST. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 | 7:00 am | No. 12 | 4:30 am |
| No. 5 | 11:45 am | No. 16* | 12 52 pm |
| No. 3 | 10:45 pm | No. 8 | 10.45pm |
| No. 37 (local) | 8.45 am | No. 38 (local) | 3 15 pm |

No. 4 arrives at Marion Junction from Cincinnati at 10 p. m. but does not run east of Marion Junction.

Nos. 37 and 38 run between Galion and Dayton only.

No. 16 runs to Salamanca only.

### C. AND E. DIVISION.

[In effect June 9, '95.]

MARION JUNCTION DEPOT.

| WEST. | | ARRIVE. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1 | 7:30 am | No. 12 | 1 15 am |
| No. 5 | 12:00 noon | No. 2 | 5 10 pm |
| No. 3 | 11:15 pm | No. 8 | 10:45pm |
| No. 38 | 12:55 pm | No. 37 | 11.30 am |

Nos. 38 and 32 run between Marion and Lima only. Nos. 1 and 2 run daily except Sundays, and stop at all stations.

### BIG FOUR.

[In effect 12.00 m. Sunday, May, 26 1895.]

| EAST. | | WEST. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 36 | 9:37 am | No. 11 | 6:15 am |
| No. 10 | 4:08 pm | No. 3* | 10:55 am |
| No. 18 | 10:57 pm | No. 35 | 4:35 pm |
| No. 54 local | 3:55 pm | No. 55 local | 11 45 am |

No. 11, daily, stops at LaRue.

No. 3, daily except Sunday, makes local stops.

No. 35, daily, makes local stops.

No. 36, daily, stops at Caledonia.

No. 10, daily except Sunday, makes local stops west of Galion.

No. 18, daily, does not make local stops.

Local, daily except Sunday.

### C., K. V. and T.

[In effect May 19.]

(BUCKEYE ROUTE)

| NORTH. | | SOUTH. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. 31 | 6:35am | No. 36 | 1:10pm |
| No. 33 | 11:20am | No. 34 | 1:30pm |
| No. 35 | 4:25pm | No. 32 | 6 44pm |
| No. 37 | 10:00pm | No. 30 | 7:35am |

### SANDUSKY SHORT LINE.

[In effect Sept. 30, 1895.]

| NORTH BOUND. | | SOUTH BOUND. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No 2 | 9:05 am | No. 1 | 3:25 pm |
| No. 4 | 5:37 pm | No 3 | |

No passenger trains run on Sunday.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

# DONALD'S LAST BET.

## HOW THE MOVER'S LONG RUN OF HEARTBREAKING LUCK.

**The Silver Dollar He Found on the Trail Brought Him Luck at Last, but It Came Too Late to Be of Benefit Either to Himself or His Starving Wife.**

A [illegible] had gathered at Japanese [illegible]'s gambling pavilion, in the Creek [illegible]ory, a few weeks ago. The [illegible] filled with men in all stations [illegible] life, who were trying to carve [illegible] through the high card. [illegible] one noticed the entrance of a [illegible]-looking man, who took a seat [illegible] and began to play. He [illegible] the unmistakable look of a man who [illegible] pushed to the wall and was stak[illegible] last cent. An old sombrero shaded [illegible] that were underlaid with heavy, dark [illegible], and the gambler dropped into his [illegible] as though his body had been weighted [illegible].

[illegible] saw a silver dollar on the high [illegible] pushed his hat down over his eyes [illegible] became motionless. The high card [illegible], and the dealer paid the bet, pushing [illegible] over toward the player. He let [illegible], and the high card continued to [illegible] until a big pile of money lay in a heap [illegible] the forlorn looking stranger. Still [illegible] never moved. The deal went [illegible] on, and still the high card won.

"Shake that fool up," swore the dealer [illegible].

A half breed Indian first shook the [illegible] and then pulled off his hat. The [illegible] dying man greeted his close scru[illegible]. The dealer reached for the heap of [illegible], and a dozen pistols were drawn [illegible] the instant.

"He was good as dead," said Faro Dick, [illegible] dealer. "Money won't do him any [illegible] and no one knows him."

"Yes, said Cherokee Sam, an Indian [illegible] officer. "His name is Mike Donald, [illegible] they call him 'Unlucky Mike,' the [illegible]' on the border. His wife and fam[illegible] are camped down on a creek near here, [illegible] I heard today they were literally starv[illegible]."

In ten minutes Donald was dead. Apo[illegible]day had killed him. At once a half doz[illegible] willing hands handled the winnings of [illegible] corpse into a handkerchief and started [illegible] wife's camp, to see the widow and [illegible] the money over to her. One or two [illegible] stopped to buy some provisions for the dis[illegible]ssed ones. They found the forlorn lit[illegible]le camp without much trouble. Unlucky [illegible]ke's wife was there, but she was dead. [illegible] had died of starvation and exposure. [illegible] The rough bordermen—many of them [illegible] professional gamblers and killers, perhaps [illegible] one of them express robbers—were hor[illegible]-stricken.

They brought the husband to the creek [illegible] and buried the two together in one grave, [illegible] a converted Cherokee Indian preaching [illegible] the funeral sermon. Four little children, [illegible] hungry, dirty and cold, were taken in [illegible] charge by a committee, the money won in [illegible] the faro bank by their dead father was [illegible] placed to their credit, and they are now [illegible] being furnished with good homes.

Mike Donald was a noted border character. Six or eight years ago he first appeared in the west with his wife. They had a good team of horses and a new wagon. Whenever a new country was opened to settlement, they were there, ready to make the run to secure a home. Down in No Man's Land, in 1888, Mike became a squatter sheriff near Beaver City. The United States did not recognize that there was such a country as No Man's Land, and the settlers organized themselves into a government of their own. They selected their sheriffs, judges and other court officers. Outlaws from all over the west flocked in and soon No Man's Land became a mundane paradise.

While Mike Donald was sheriff he killed Whisky Dick at Beer City over a game of cards, and from that to the time of his death he was unfortunate. His stock died, and he was never able to keep a good team of horses. Either they were stolen or disease carried them off. He left No Man's Land and traveled up to Kansas. An uneasy demon appeared to possess him. He became known as Mike the Mover because he was never long in one place. He was one of an army of people who had been flitting about over the border in covered wagons for years past.

A year or two ago, when old Whirlwind's band of Cheyennes killed several settlers and were on the warpath, Unlucky Mike was near at hand and was arrested by the federal officers, charged with selling the Indians "fire water" and inciting them to a rebellion. It took him a month to clear himself of these charges, and by that time his family had wandered away and were lost to him.

On foot he trailed them over the Indian country. Once he got track of the wagon it was no trouble to follow its meanderings. Any one who ever saw it would not soon forget it. The wheels were held together with wire and rope wrapping, the bed was in splinters, and the old canvas top was a mass of shapeless ribbons.

By the superstitious the man became isolated from the humanity. When he found his family, down upon the banks of the Canadian river, they were almost starved to death. Together they continued to wander over the wild country like a rudderless ship at sea. Mike had three old crowbait horses when he first went into his last camp, but it is said that he killed one of the animals for food. On the day of his death he found a silver dollar on the trail leading to a town near by. With this money he determined to tempt Dame Fortune for a last time. It was this dollar that he staked at Japanese Tommie's tent.

His little daughter Nellie told the committee of the finding of this dollar and her father starting to town after something to eat. Once upon a time Mike had been a gambler in a small way, and doubtless when he was passing the gambling house the desire for play drew him in. The wife died soon after he left the little camp and it is probable that consumption had something to do with her death. Unlucky Mike and his unfortunate weather beaten prairie schooner will no longer form a nightmare to superstitious border officials and Indians.—New York Times.

### Ancient Collars.

The ruff collars that appear so often in portraits and are mentioned in the literary works of two centuries ago were called bands. They were either made to stand upright with starch or setting stick, or were allowed to fall over the shoulders. The modern form of the band may be seen in the peculiar collar worn by many Episcopal and Catholic clergymen.

### In the Bookstore.

"Have you A Pair of Blue Eyes?" inquired the gentleman of the pretty girl behind the counter.

"Can't see how to do the business.

"Can't you see they are brown?"—Detroit Free Press.

## WARMAN'S CAT STORY.

**Pussy Liked the Poet Well Enough, but She Stuck to the Locomotive.**

"You have heard of the railroad dog, of course," said Cy Warman. "Everybody has, but I'll venture to say that you never heard of a railway cat. Well, I used to have one. You know I used to fire on the Rio Grande Western. I got mixed up with one of those big mountain climbers in a wreck one time, and after that I quit the business cold and turned poet. Well, now for the tabby.

"You know the exploits of the railroad dog have been recounted in divers places—how he saved a train and the lives of the passengers from a fathomless pit or a dark yawning abyss and all that. Those are all stories of the railroader, of which the dog is the hero of the hour. My yarn is not like those old stories, for pussy was too well trained to do anything so rash as to save a train and thereby endanger her own life. In the first place, puss was a pet of the landlady where most of the railroad men boarded, and in consequence the cat took a liking to railroading.

"She was a remarkable traveler, and she preferred the tender of a freight locomotive to a Pullman palace car. When the train would have a long wait at a side track or station, Miss Puss would descend from her perch on the pile of coal, or if the weather was inclement from the seat of the engineer, where she would sit looking out on the track beyond and go in hunt of mice, and if it was lunch hour would hunt up the kitchen door of the depot eating house. She was a great favorite and always had the best the house afforded. She was a beautiful cat. Her fur was jet black, and when the engine was running down the steep grades of the mountains she would hold her place on the top of the tender with all the grace and dignity imaginable, and if the wind was blowing she would ruffle up her black coat of fur as though entering a protest. Puss never missed a trip all the time I was on the road after she took the railroad fever.

"When I left the Western, puss had to choose between her owner and the big black monster that had carried her so many miles. I remember the day I went out to bid the big inanimate object goodby. I was very much attached to it. Why not? We had gone through a wreck together, and it had received the brunt of a collision with a big rock. I looked at the engine, which was steamed up ready to start on its trip, and soon saw puss mount to her perch on the coal. I spoke tenderly to her, and she arched her back and purred knowingly. When I bid the boys goodby and called her, she came part way, looked up at me in an undecided manner and finally gave a pitiful meow and walked off toward the engine again. She kept up her habit for several years after that and finally was crushed to death in a wreck. She was found curled up on the box by the side of the inanimate form of the engineer. Both had died at the post of duty."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Evading the Press Gang.

It was not an easy matter to get married in press gang times. Robert Miller, a Kirkwall man, found this to be the case. He returned from the whalefishing one autumn, fully resolved that he should take unto himself a wife. But the press gang got on his track, and he soon saw that if he was to get his heart's desire he would require to exert both pluck and perseverance. At length the fatefnl night arrived. The company had gathered, and the minister was in the house of the bride, prepared to proceed with the ceremony, when the dreaded press gang made its appearance.

Ladies are not unusually of a belligerent disposition, but when they saw, as in this instance, the likelihood of a marriage being spoiled by interlopers they rose up in wrath against them. They assailed the members of the press gang both with tongue and missiles, so that these gentlemen were glad to beat a hasty retreat. After this little episode a back window of the house was lifted, and the bridegroom, dressed in woman's clothes, bounded into the room. The doors having been barricaded to prevent a surprise, the clergyman proceeded to perform the ceremony, and surely no bridegroom was ever married in such a strange garb! Miller was never captured. He lived to a ripe old age and was the first beadle of the Kirkwall Free church.—Chambers' Journal.

### Breathing.

Learn to breathe properly and systematically and rhythmically and you may overcome insomnia, weak lungs, indigestion and even seasickness. This at least is the theory, as well as the successful practice of the patients of the famous Dr. Oertel of Munich, who has elaborated a system of breathing that he has set forth in a large work on the subject. The breathing is done by count, or rather by steps—so many full deep breaths to a step, the number being regulated by the nature of the place where the walk is taken, whether it be level or an ascent or descent. The speed is regulated by the ailment and condition of the patient.

### Leeches and the Weather.

If you follow the movements of a leech in a bottle containing about a pint of water covered with a piece of muslin, you can have a pretty good barometer. The leech lies rolled together at the bottom of the bottle—fair. It comes to the surface of the water—variable or rainy. It rushes pretty rapidly about the bottle—strong wind. It rolls over and over convulsively—storm.—Journal of Hygiene.

B. H. Freeman of Toombsboro, Ga., once kept a moccasin snake tightly sealed up in a bottle for two years without food or water, "yet it lived and grew fat."

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.—Theodore Parker.

## TOWNS OF SETTLED HABITS.

**London and Philadelphia Alike In This Respect.**

In her article on "The Myth of the 400," in Cosmopolitan, Mrs. Burton Harrison tells of an American calling upon a lady in London and finding her seated in a big chair by the window engaged in some sort of needlework. A young man came in and paid his respects, as it was her day at home, and then bowed himself out. Three years later the American was again in London, and again he called upon the lady. It was her day at home, and there she sat in the same chair by the same window with the same needlework, or some very like it, in her hand, and, more remarkable still, the same young man called and made the same remarks he had made three years before. Mrs. Harrison tells this anecdote to show how unchanged things are in England and how you are pretty sure to find people just about as you left them. The illustration is a good one, but I can match it with a better one over here.

I have the pleasure of knowing a family in Philadelphia who have lived in the same house for 40 years. As the children of this family grew up they developed a musical talent from four or five generations of men learned in the law as well as skilled with the bow. Every Sunday between 12 and 1 o'clock it was the custom of the father and the sons to play classic music, the father being first violin, one son viola, one second violin, the other violoncello. They played well, and as I lived nearer Philadelphia in those days than I do today I often dropped in at these rehearsals, as they called them.

Five years ago I was in Philadelphia on a Sunday. I had not seen my old friends in 15 years, but I was sure they were living at the old place. I walked around to the house, and as I mounted the marble steps I heard sounds of music. Could it be possible that a "rehearsal" was going on? Yes, sure enough. There sat the father, his hair snow white, with his violin tucked under his chin, and the three "boys"—fathers themselves—all playing away as they had been doing since they were children. To be sure, they were married men and did not live at home, but they met every Sunday morning at their father's for the usual music. I expect to run on to Philadelphia again before long, and, though it has been at least five years since I was at my old friend's house, I expect to hear the music on Sunday morning, for I shall time my visit so as to include a Sunday.—Critic.

## INDIANS ARE GAME BETTORS.

**Will Venture Their All on a Horse Race Their Chief Diversion.**

"An Indian horse race is the greatest and most important event of the year to the tribes who participate in it," said Ramon Thornton of Cheyenne to a reporter. "It is totally unlike our equine contests, for, to begin with, there is only one race, for which it takes months and weeks to arrange the details, and I must tell you that the average Indian is a remarkably good matchmaker. I do not think I ever saw a race that was not productive of a close, exciting finish.

"As soon as the day is set for the great contest every man, woman and papoose of both tribes assemble at the appointed place, bringing all their worldly wealth to support their champion. When the day of the race arrives, several large particolored blankets are spread upon the ground, at either side of which the warriors and chiefs of the opposing tribes range themselves, while behind are the chattering squaws, each bearing the treasures of her liege lord. The head chief of one side generally makes the first bet. Silently and with stolid countenance he steps forward and deposits his furs and other valuables on the blanket, often even going so far as to add his much prized rifle to the whole. The leader of the other side then places articles of a similar value beside the first heap. A grunt or a nod, and it is a bet. So it goes down the line, wagering being conducted with a gravity that befits the occasion, for each tribe knows that its opponents will bet all they have got. Even little groups of ponies are led off to one side and bunched together, and that means that the loser will walk many a weary mile through blinding alkali dust before he sees the tepees of his people. But there is no haggling, no disputes, no exclamations of surprise or chagrin at the result. It is impossible, as far as any outward demonstration is concerned, to distinguish the victor from the vanquished, and in that respect I think the American Indian stands alone among the nations of the world."—Atlanta Journal.

### Color and Emotion.

It was not by accident that violet was chosen by many nations as the exclusive color for mourning, and by us also for half mourning. Painters suffering from hysteria and neurasthenia will be inclined to cover their pictures uniformly with the color most in accordance with their condition of lassitude and exhaustion. Thus originate the violet pictures of Manet and his school, which spring from no actually observable aspect of nature, but from a subjective view due to conditions of the nerves. When the entire surface of walls in salons and art exhibitions of the day appears veiled in uniform half mourning, this predilection for violet is simply an expression of the nervous debility of the painter.—Condensed From Nordau's "Degeneration."

### Reasonable Expectation.

Mrs. Dix—I wonder what present my husband will bring me tonight.

Mrs. Hicks—What makes you expect one? Is it your birthday?

Mrs. Dix—No-o. We quarreled this morning.—London Answers.

### His Treasure.

The Count (who has had a little tiff with his fiancee, the heiress)—But, my treasure—

The Heiress—Your treasure? Your investment, you mean.—London Tit-Bits.

# THE ARIZONA KICKER

## THE CRITTER WHO RAN THE P. O. HELD UP TO SCORN.

**His Habits Gave Some Loafers a Wrong Impression, but When the New Man (Who Is the Editor) Came In Things Were Changed.**

During the administration of the critter who ran the postoffice up to six weeks ago it was a pretty hard thing for a stranger to make out whether it was a saloon, poker room, eating house or private club. It was the lounging place for a score of his cronies, and whenever the postmaster happened to be drunk, postal affairs came to a standstill for half a day. We promised reform in this matter when we were appointed, and the public has not been disappointed. Old Jim Hewson, Judge Coldtree, Colonel Sheate and others were in the habit of sitting around on the mailbags and spitting on the stove. We gave them notice of a change of programme, but they wouldn't take it seriously until we peeled off our coat and flung the colonel out into the corridor and broke his leg. We are sorry for him, but we do not propose to let any man's leg stand between us and the dignity which every postmaster ought to maintain.

Old Jim Hewson, who had been allowed to paw over the mail at his pleasure and take other liberties, was so heartbroken over the enforcement of the rules that he stood at the general delivery window, rested two guns on the shelf and fired 12 bullets at us as we were assorting the mail. His average shooting is fair, but on this occasion the tears in his eyes blinded him and his bullets went wild. Before the crowd frequenting the postmaster's private room could be made to understand that a new deal had taken place we had to pull a gun on Major Green, throw the Hon. Sam Johnson out of the window and lick Captain Williams until he couldn't get out of bed for a week. We have lost 40 subscribers to The Kicker, but we have jumped the dignity of the office up 500 per cent and we shall hold it there if the gun stores do not run short of ammunition.

### Apologetic.

The policy of The Kicker for the last three years has been to publish as much prose and as little poetry as possible. Not one poem in a thousand reaching this office has even been read. While the mountains, valleys, rivers and plains of Arizona offer a great field for poets the demand of the times has run largely to flour and bacon. We want sturdy pioneers instead of weak backed poets—men to chop and plow instead of men to write of grim mountains and babbling brooks which don't babble. We want women who can ride a cayuse, shoot with a Winchester or throw a Digger Indian over the fence instead of romantic schoolgirls with poetry in their souls. There is no poetry about opening mines, clearing up farms and dodging centipeds and rattlesnakes eight months in the year.

On another page in this issue we publish a half column poem entitled "How the Angels Came For Mary." It is that poem that we want to apologize for. It is from the pen of Mrs. Colonel Shorter, whose husband runs the well known Shorter ranch over on Bow Legged creek. During the last year she has sent us 48 different poems on 48 different subjects, and every one of them went into the wastebasket. Tuesday afternoon last something jumped off the back of a broncho at the door of The Kicker office and entered our sanctum, gun in hand. That something was Mrs. Colonel Shorter. She had the "Angel" poetry in her pocket and the alternative she gave us was to publish it or be shot to death then and there. We held out until she was ready to pull trigger and then threw up our hands. We promised to publish it and have stuck to our word. If the "Angels Came For Mary" as Mrs. Colonel Shorter came for us we haven't any doubt that she spread her wings and sailed away with them. We had taken no precautions against such a surprise, but it will not occur again. Years hence, when Arizona has taken her place in the Union and our people have doffed their red woolen shirts and long legged boots for the latest Paris styles, we may encourage poets to the extent of 15 or 20 to the acre, but until that time arrives nothing but a gun held on a line with our right eye will induce us to publish a verse.

### Simply a Mistake.

There was no shooting affray in the alley in rear of the White Wolf saloon on Tuesday evening between Captain Long and Judge Havens, as yesterday asserted in a sensational way by our esteemed contemporary. There was some shooting, but it was brought about by mistake. A week or so ago, in discussing the doings of the last congress, the captain called the judge a liar. He was honest in believing that the judge lied, and the judge wasn't sure whether he lied or not. For this reason, and also because neither was armed at the time, the matter was passed over. Tuesday evening the judge saw the captain enter the alley on his way to the back door of the saloon named and followed him to explain that he had looked up the point in dispute and discovered that he really did lie. Captain Long caught sight of his pursuer, and thinking that the judge was intending to call him down he opened fire. Each man emptied his gun before the matter was explained, but no one was hit, and they went off and had a drink together and bridged the chasm. As we said, it was all a mistake, with no foundation for a sensational article. Judge Havens lied. Captain Long honestly believed he lied. The judge satisfied himself that he was a liar and started out like a man to admit it, and there you are. Western journalism which seizes upon and magnifies such trifles invites and receives the contempt of all men whose good opinion is worth having.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

### AFTER A YEAR.

The slender lilies nod their heads
On either side the garden way,
And all along the flower beds
Tall foxgloves stand in fair array,
The throstle, in the pear tree near
Still carols, as when first we came,
The same old song he sang last year,
And we, we are no more the same.

How strong the lilies smell! How neat
The ordered rosebuds, row on row!
It's still the scene that seemed so sweet
A year ago—a year ago.
We noticed how that apple bough
Stood out so green against the sky.
It's just as fair as ever now,
But we are altered, you and I.

The days have come between us two
And moved us ever more apart,
We cannot, as we used to do,
Tell to each other all our heart,
Only a year since last we met,
But in that year what things have been!
We walk, we talk together, yet
We cannot bridge the gulf between.

All looks unchanged save us alone,
We've drifted into other ways.
Time turns the page, the past is gone,
And naught restores the vanished days.
The flying hours new scenes reveal.
We never fancied, you and I,
They would come when we should feel
No longer sad to say goodby.
—Longman's Magazine.

## SEPARATION.

"It is usual, I believe," he said, "before dissolving partnership to take accounts. Let us see what we each brought into the firm."

"You begin," she answered.

"I brought fair ability, energy, ambition, a decent position, means of comfortable life, an unblemished name. Every one said I wasn't 'a bad sort,' and, more than all, I brought deep, true, passionate love."

Said the woman, "I brought beauty"—her statement was splendidly true—"youth, physical purity—to which you do not lay claim." He bowed. "Perhaps little else, for it was generous of you to marry the daughter of an undischarged bankrupt."

"What have we got out of our marriage?" continued the husband. "Let me speak. Of course the honeymoon was a failure. Poets and novelists"—he spoke bitterly—"tell wicked, ridiculous lies about honeymoons. They never are wholly happy, unless, perhaps, when it's the wife's second honeymoon. After that three months' exquisite, almost mad joy, then four months of happiness, followed by three of contentment, ending in a year of gradually increasing misery."

"Of course the honeymoon was a failure," she answered. "The next three months were happy, the following four not bad, the subsequent three indifferent, and the year was intolerable. You got more out of the business than I, for you put more in. Alas, I had not the beautiful mad love's capital, and yet"—

"And yet," interrupted the man, misunderstanding, "you have wasted that capital, and the beautiful mad love has gone, and I, who once would have died for you—more than that, would have lived disgracefully for you. I do not believe in the 'loved I not honor more'—am content to dissolve partnership, willing that we should part as friends."

"Content? Willing?" she asked. "Tell me, what do you regret most?"

"I regret my bankruptcy," he said. "I began our partnership with what I thought a splendid, inexhaustible fund of love. I look back to moments of happiness beyond description, and now I am insolvent in love. After all, I believe," he continued, with a pleasant, manly smile, "I believe that it is 'better to have loved and lost,' even if it be the love and not the sweetheart that one has lost. Do you regret nothing? What clings in your mind?"

She shook her head.

"Come, you should tell me. There, on the table near you, is the deed of dissolution, the separation deed—it hasn't even been engrossed on parchment, but is printed on paper. At the end are two seals. We execute the dissolution deed by putting our fingers on the seals. The partnership was executed with our lips. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Hawkins, the lawyer, will be here to witness the execution. Tell me."

She shook her head again—her splendid head, regular in feature, delightful in complexion, crowned with gorgeous auburn hair, illumined by deep, large, violet eyes.

"You regret nothing?"

With a sigh she answered: "I regret that you have cast your pearls before me. I regret that I have misprized and lost your love; that I gave you little in return. I regret that my very inability to return your love truly has irritated me by making me feel your debtor; that feeling of irritation has helped to make you miserable and me miserable too."

"I did not use the word regret quite in that sense," he answered. "I meant, is there nothing that you look back to of happiness that yet lives in your memory?"

She put down the fan that had fluttered in her tender hands, and with half a smile, half a blush, answered, "There was one thing, one moment, that I regret."

He rose and walked up and down the room, the daintily furnished room, everything in which was a note in a dead love song.

"A year ago, almost to the day, certainly to tomorrow, we were at Etaples, you recollect?"

"It was for economy I went, because it was ridiculously cheap and very petty, and I hated Boulogne."

"I remember how we wandered about; how, alas, we quarreled in the lovely pine woods, or, to be true, I quarreled, and you suffered, and the splendid seashore, where I said bitter things because my friends were at Trouville and I at the quiet Paris Plage, and you were sad and silent."

"My dear," he interrupted, "I was greatly to blame."

"Hush! You must not interrupt. Then one day we took a boat—a clumsy boat—and sailed out, despite the warnings of the fishermen. I didn't care, you didn't care—what happened. We had quarreled, or, rather, I, at last, said harsh things."

"My dear," he interrupted, "there were faults on both sides. They rendered life intolerable and love impossible, but"—

"Hush! We rowed out. You had the sculls and I steered—at least I lay in the stern and splashed the waves with my hands—the hands you used to kiss so often."

She paused and looked at the hands—firm, plump and white and decked with lovely rings of curious workmanship. He, too, looked at them and sighed. She sighed.

"But out we went. Then the skies became dark, the water darkened, too, and grew rough, and you tried to turn. We were far, far away from shore. You must have been looking at me instead of the land, or you would have seen that we were floating fast in a current. With an effort you brought the boat round and pulled for safety. Oh, you looked splendid! Your thin jersey showed the lines of your strong, supple body, the muscles of your arms and chest rose superbly, and your manly face, flushed and firm, fascinated me."

The man smiled, half scornfully.

"You pulled hard, and I don't think I was frightened. I didn't care what happened. Then the rotten oar cracked and you bound it round with our handkerchiefs, but it still was weak, so you tore off a long strip of my petticoat to bind it with, and we drifted, drifted out. When at last you tried again, it snapped, and the blade fell into the sea. Then you came to me, to the stern, and took the tiller from my hands. You put your arm round my waist and said, 'Don't be afraid, dear wife!' I knew we were drifting out to open sea, storm and death and was aware that you knew it. 'Don't be afraid, little wife,' you said, and suddenly put your arm round my neck."

"I remember."

"Yes, I know. Let me go on. You brought my face to yours and laid your lips on mine. Oh, that kiss—that kiss! It still stings on my lips. In it I felt the depth of your love. I felt that I loved you—felt that we were man and wife, and the only beings alive on land or sea. That kiss is what I regret—that kiss, the one moment of rapture in my life."

She paused.

"I remember."

"Why did that foolish steamer save us? I could have died there, happy in your arms—quite happy."

"Quite happy?"

"Yes, quite. To think that we quarreled within a week—at least I did—and things went worse than ever afterward! What are we women made of? The old song is wrong—we are made of gall and wormwood and marble. To think that we are here, and that paper lies there! You've acted very handsomely, allowing me more than half your income and letting me keep the flat."

"Do you think I could live in it after you have gone?" he answered, with a break in his voice. "There's nothing in it that does not speak of you. It's a graveyard of memories."

She looked at him over the fan and saw tears in his eyes. Then she rose and walked across the room.

"Herbert," she said in a timid voice, after a long pause, "it is 4 o'clock. He'll be here in five minutes to see the deed executed."

The man bowed his head and hid his face in his hands.

She took out her handkerchief, a ridiculous bit of lace and lawn, and touched her eyes.

"Herbert, tomorrow is just a year after that day. The night train starts at 8 o'clock. If we went to Etaples, we might find—might find—that kiss again."

He jumped up, tears in his eyes and a smile on his lips. "You mean to say"— He caught her in his arms and pressed his lips long and passionately on her mouth.

"I don't think we really need go to Etaples," she said, with a smile, after a long pause, "but it will be a pleasant little—little honeymoon."

He rang the bell, told the servant to tell Mr. Hawkins that no one was at home, and she bade the girl pack her things instantly. When the girl left the room, they both took hold of the deed and slowly, gravely tore it into two pieces.

"It is a new way," he observed, "of executing deeds of separation."—Sketch.

### When Mars Was Inhabited.

There are many reasons in favor of the supposition that Mars is more likely to have been inhabited in past ages than at the present time in spite of its atmosphere or water or clouds. Mr. Proctor, for instance, has pointed out that a globe of the size of Mars would cool rather more than two and a half times as quickly as one of the size of the earth. If the earth and Mars were in a similar condition 14,000,000 years ago, Mars would have attained, according to that rate of cooling, to the earth's present condition 7,000,000 years—i. e., 11,000,000 years ago—and the earth would now require 28,000,000 future years in which to cool as much as Mars has cooled during the last 11,000,000 years. So far as regards that consideration, therefore, the probability of the present habitability of Mars must be compared with the probability of the earth's being inhabited when 28,000,000 more years will be past and gone.—Nineteenth Century.

### Edison's Definition of Electricity.

Congressman O. M. Hall of this state tells this story of Edison: The latter appeared before the committee on patents to make an argument on some proposed bill. Mr. Hall, prefacing his question with an apology for the ignorance of the committee concerning electricity, asked Edison if he could tell the committee what electricity was. "Oh, yes," said the wizard. "It is a mysterious fluid about which nothing is known." The argument then proceeded.—St. Paul Globe.


Lightning Hot Drops

Breaks up a Cold,

Cures La Grippe,

Cures pains of all kinds. There's nothing "just as good."

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REORGANIZATION OF Erie System,

Under Plan and Agreement dated August 20, 1895.

To the Holders of New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad Company's New Second Consolidated Mortgage Bonds; Second Consolidated Mortgage Funded Coupon Bonds; Funded Coupon Bonds of 1885; Income Bonds; and Chicago & Erie Railroad Company's Income Bonds.

NEW YORK, September 25, 1895.

All holders of the above-mentioned bonds (commonly known as "Erie Second Consols," "Erie Funded Coupon 5s," "Erie Incomes," "Chicago & Erie Incomes") are notified to deposit same on or before Friday,

October 25, 1895,

with either of the depositaries named in said plan, viz: Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall street, New York, or Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co., 22 Old Broad street, London.

Bonds not deposited on or before that date will be received only on such terms as the Committee may hereafter determine.

As the foreclosure sale of the Erie property has been fixed for November 6, prompt action by bond holders is essential.

G. H. COSTER,
LOUIS FITZGERALD,
ANTHONY J. THOMAS,
Committee.


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Canton Flannels at less than they can be bought for today. Buy them now—5, 6, 7, 8, 10 cents per yard.

Ask to see the 36-inch, all-wool, Aldine Cloths at 25c per yard.

Look at our 28 and 36-inch Plaids and Novelties for school dresses. Extra good values.

**D. YAKE,** 111 N. Main St.

## CHEAPEST AND BEST FUEL ON EARTH.

THE PRENDERGAST Lumber and Coal Co.


**Real Estate Transfers.**

W. B Fisher and wife to Mary A Winterholder, lot 235 in E P. Fisher's first addition to Marion, $550.

E P. Fisher to C C Fisher, lots 2248 2319, 2351 and 2361 in E. P Fisher's first addition to Marion, $1

C. A. Chipps and husband to W. J Geiger, lot 749 in Durfee & Hummer's addition to Marion, $500

D. R Crissinger and wife to Carrie A Chipps, lot 2392 in J. S. Reed's addition to Marion, $1500.

Henry W Behner and wife to Minnie E. Cline, part of lot 55 in the old plat of Marion, $7775.

Henry Luellen and wife to Clement L. Luellen, 30 acres in Waldo township $700.

### LOCAL MENTION.

House and lot for sale cheap. See A D Jameson, 247 Chase street. 232etf

Telephone No. 12 calls up F. E Blake the florist and gardener, on Garden City pike. 137-tf

Best Sandusky City lake sand and gravel at N. J. Lawrence's, 235 north Main street. 133tf

**The celebrated Murray City lump coal for sale by Linsley & Lawrence. Telephone 6. 43-tf**

I want to sell my house and lot Mrs Eva Bunker, 247 south Main street. 279-t2p

Fresh shelled almonds just received at John H. Snider's, also candied cherries and crystalized pineapple.

The assortment and prices at Mrs. Jennie Thomas' are just right. Her line of millinery always pleases. 278t2

Almost every day new millinery goods are received from the Eastern market by Mrs. Jennie Thomas. 278t2

The Ladies' Aid Society of the State Street Baptist church will give a social tomorrow evening at the residence of Mrs. H. Paddock, 1122 north State street. Refreshments will be served

The Big Four Route will have on sale, Oct. 7, 8, 21 and 22, excursion tickets to points west, northwest and southwest at very low rates for round trip 272tf A. C. Bowen, Agent.

## THE CITY IN BRIEF.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs J R Smith, Saturday.

A son was born to Mr and Mrs. Geo Lusch, corner Church and Elm streets, Sunday.

Marion Circle, No. 19. Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic are in session this afternoon They are initiating several new members and transacting other business

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Diegle have returned from their season on the road with Oriental Crystal Palace Museum They had a very successful season, and will start out for a fall and winter tour in a few weeks.

The asphalt street from Orchard to Charles was open to vehicles Sunday and Marionites who were out driving took advantage of the opportunity to try the new material. The result was most gratifying.

James McClain and John Morrison, who are held on the charge of a Bowery "hold up," were released from the county jail Saturday They gave the joint bond of $500 required of them and secured their freedom.

The Protected Home Circle social, to be held at the quarters of the lodge, Canby K. of P. hall this evening, promises to be an enjoyable affair A bountiful spread and a cake walk are to be two of the special features of the occasion

The new chemical engine for the Marion Fire department arrived Sunday and has been given a place in the engine house. It was manufactured by the Chicago Fire Extinguisher company, of Chicago, Ill, and is a beauty in appearance.

Quite a number of the schoolmates of Edith Winfield assembled at her home, 365 Silver street, Saturday, to celebrate her twelfth anniversary. Refreshments were served and a pleasant time enjoyed. Miss Winfield was the recipient of many presents.

Attorney W. E. Scofield left today for New York, to attend a meeting of the directors of the Marion Water company. Among other business to be transacted will be the election of officers. Mr. Scofield expected to be gone until the latter part of the week.

The colored Baptists are to hold a convention at Richwood next Sunday. It will be attended by colored people of that denomination from all over the state. A large number of the colored Baptists of this city will be in attendance. Rev. John H. Jones will assist in the devotional exercises of the meeting.

The democratic county executive committee wants another rally here before the close of the campaign and are making an effort to secure some attractive speakers. Either Governor Matthews, of Indiana, Senator Hill, or Hon. Bourke Cochran are wanted to fill a date here. The committee appreciates the fact that it may have to be satisfied with some lesser lights than the above, but will secure a stellar attraction if possible.

Evidently the story that Benjamin Leonard, who was sent to the Cleveland workhouse from this city, had committad murder in Pennsylvania, was false. A letter was received from Leonard in this city, last Friday. The letter was written at the Cleveland workhouse October 6th, and requested that Marion papers be sent Leonard. He is still an inmate of the workhouse. It was probably another Leonard that committed the crime as noted in the STAR of last Friday.

Kelley Mount has decided to enter the directory publishing business about the first of January, and is arranging his affairs to that end. He will be assisted by E V Brown, of Kansas City, one of the best canvassers in the West, who was formerly in Mr. Mount's employ. The business will probably be opened at some of the numerous new towns in the far South which has never had a city directory. Kelley will remain in the city with his family, however, until about the first of the year

Emerson D. Fite, a Marion boy, has taken a prominent place among the Ohio men who have won honors at Yale University. A newspaper special dispatch from New Haven, Conn., under date of last Saturday, notes the list of junior appointments for the class of '97 Mr. Fite is one of three students who are chosen for philosophical orations. His friends here will be gratified to learn of the honor thus bestowed upon a very worthy young gentleman.

**A Beautiful Home for Sale.**

The beautiful home, situated on east Church street and formerly owned by H. R. Young, is now for sale It has all modern conveniences, cellar under the whole house, hot water furnace, one of the best, hot and cold water, elegant bath rooms with water closet Anyone wanting a home for less than the cost to build, here is the chance

267etf Isaac Young.

**Notice To Stockholders.**

The stockholders of the Marion Gas Light company are hereby notified to meet at the office of the company on Monday, Oct. 21, 1895 at 7 o'clock p m. for the purpose of electing five (5) directors for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may come before the meeting.

273-m f t4 J. B Fisher, Secy.


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Absolutely storm proof. $4.00 a pattern with linings complete. A special bargain in 46-inch Henrietta in the blue quality.

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of giving matchless values, of selling Priestley's Famous Blacks has established a reputation for black dress fabrics that is the envy of every competitor.

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Have become so endeared to the feminine world it is hardly worth while to say anything in their behalf. Every woman who has had and worn a Priestley fabric knows its enduring qualities and wants another.

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Look for the name "PRIESTLEY" on the selvedge also for the "Cravenette" stamp regular

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# Our Cloak Opening.

THERE have been others, concerning which much has been advertised, but you have been looking for ours, and you will not be disappointed. It will be a notable event. No disappointment to the most extravagant expectations.

## WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16,

All day long. We will be ready early in morning. You needn't wait till the ordinary rush is on.

We shall have with us a representative of the best New York house in the wrap business, with a superb line. Perhaps it is worth while to say that a notable reason why this house excels is that it has a representative in Paris, one in London and one in Berlin. These three European representatives are especially engaged to keep the American designer fully advised as to fashion's fancies in the three great European centers, the arbiters of the fashion world.

## This Will Be the Best Chance to Select Swell, High Grade Garments.

IT will be a fashionable event, no ordinary affair. We commend it to the stylish dressers of Marion as the all-important event, equaled only in the cities.

Cloth Jackets from $10 Up.
Cloth and Plush Capes,
From $7.50 Up.

To make the event of surpassing general interest, the display will be augmented by purchases of our own, to arrive by express for that day, so the buyers of lower priced garments will have ample attention.

WE INVITE EVERYBODY.

Come to see, even if you have no thought of buying. It will be like going on a wrap inspection in one of the big New York houses, and you will go away better posted.

# D. A. FRANK & CO.



# This Morning

We placed on sale another large shipment of those late shapes in ladies', misses' and children's

# Jackets and Long Coats

Our prices start from the low and go right through a long range of prices until you reach the best garments that money will buy, all in the most desirable shapes.

## Cloth, Plush and Veleur Capes

Trimmed in jets, braids and the popular thibet trimmings.

A SPECIAL DISPLAY OF FUR CAPES Is Being Shown Here.

Wool seals with marten collar and edge.
Electric seals with marten collar and edge.

## Astrachans in the Different Lengths AND Qualities.

Nothing new or novel in ladies' wraps or children's wraps that you cant find here. You are invited to our wrap department.

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